

Spartan Daily

Volume 78, No. 40

Serving the San Jose Community Since 1934

Friday, April 2, 1982

Police spread thin by campus protest, false bomb threat

Officers say no lead in bomb scare, SJSU police arrest four demonstrators

By Phil LaVelle

Wednesday, university police almost became victims of Murphy's Law, i.e. if something can go wrong, it will.

While most of the department's personnel were staked out at the Student Union watching a tense gathering of opposing Iranian groups, the department received a call from someone who said the Home Economics building would be bombed.

The department received a reprieve, however, as there was no bomb blast.

But police did break up an angry mob of anti-Khomeini demonstrators, arresting four at the Student Union.

The bomb threat was received shortly after noon, when an unidentified person phoned the department and said a bomb would be detonated inside the Home Economics Building "in twenty minutes."

At the time, a majority of the department's investigators and administrators, including Chief Ernest Quinton, were at the Student Union watching a gathering of about 20 pro-Khomeini supporters and over 40 anti-Khomeini demonstrators.

Police stood at various places inside the Student Union and communicated with uniformed officers in the area by radio.

When the bomb threat was called in, Sgt. Bucky Harris and Officer Alex Dourou were dispatched to the Home Economics Building, according to the university police department's log book.

The building was nearly empty because it was the lunch hour, according to Russ Lunsford, technical services officer for the department.

At midday Wednesday, the department's investigators were at the Student Union again but would not comment on the matter.

Chief Quinton made a brief statement at police headquarters about the bomb threat.

"The calling party called and said that a bomb would go off in twenty minutes," Quinton said.

Police have no leads in the incident. Lunsford said the caller was probably a student.

"There were midterms that day. We have bomb threats during midterms," Lunsford said.

Anderson wins presidency

By Lenny Bonsall

Independent John "Tony" Anderson repeated last week's showing at the polls last night, defeating Your Effective Student Support party candidate Matt Bogoshian in the run-off race for the A.S. Presidency, 669 votes to

502.

The rest of the election, however, belonged to YESS.

Rick Spargo beat out Everyone's Student Party candidate Bo Buhisan 731 to 470 for the vice president's spot and Robin Sawatzky defeated ESP's

Sam Bradley for controller, 699 votes to 315.

In the race for director of community affairs, Robert Musil beat out United Students candidate Helen Harakuni, 536 to 266.

An exuberant Anderson shouted for joy upon hearing the

election's results.

Anderson said the first things on his agenda as president will be to get event marquees for the Student Union, do "a lot of research on the Rec Center," and "increase the money going to the arts."



by Steve Pandon

Cleaver rouses crowd

Eldridge Cleaver, former member of the Black Panther Party, a militant group active in the 60's, yesterday to a crowd of about 200 people in the Student Union yesterday. Cleaver urged students yesterday to "step away from some of these ideological slogans people are feeding you" and to "get involved in the political process." Angry spectators accused Cleaver of "selling out" on his former political beliefs and working for the CIA, charges Cleaver vehemently denied.

EOP director opposes restructuring

By Scott Shifrel

Plans to restructure SJSU's Educational Opportunity Program has been vehemently opposed by the program's director.

Gabriel Reyes, who is in charge of the program which provides help for disadvantaged minority and low-income students, said the plan is a "shotgun approach" that will not help the program -- but will practically dismantle it instead.

He is also "strongly opposed" to the fact that neither he nor anyone from EOP were consulted in the formulation of the plan that affects the fate of the program on this campus.

The plan involves EOP contracting services to other programs on the university. These programs (such as MESA, ASPIRE, Upward Bound and the Student Affirmative Action center) would be located in one central Learning Assistance Center.

SJSU President Gail Fullerton wants the center operational by next

fall, according to Robert Martin, dean of student services.

"We'll end up with a program that is not recognizable as an EOP program because there will be so little of it left," Reyes said.

There are now about 1,400 students in the program, Reyes said, which provides counseling, tutoring and financial aid to disadvantaged minority and low-income students.

The program also helps students enter the university who cannot meet regular entrance requirements.

Reyes said he is not prepared to accept the plan. "I want to have the chance to give some input before we're just pushed down the road there," he said.

"I was led to believe I would have some opportunity to make comments and input into the plan, but that did not occur," he said.

In a memo describing the changes, Martin and Academic Vice President Robert Burns proposed the following steps:

-establish a learning resource center;

-rename the General Education Advisement Center, the "Academic Advisement Center," and so, broaden its functions;

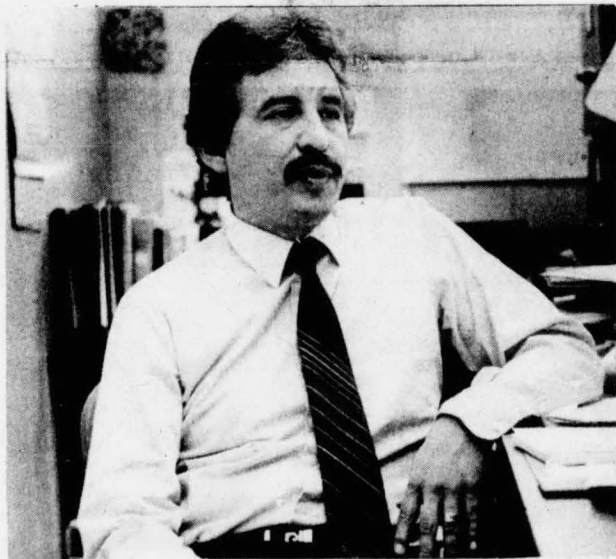
-consolidate the university outreach and recruitment efforts.

The Learning Resource Center will provide a central place for the various services that are "fragmented" throughout the university, Martin said in an interview earlier this week.

Other programs that are to be consolidated under the center are the Writing Lab, the Reading Lab, the Mathematics Clinic, the Logic Lab and the Electronic Learning Lab.

Although Martin sees the plan as a consolidation of various programs, Reyes said it will be a fragmentation of EOP.

Of the four basic functions of the program (counseling, tutoring, financial aid and entrance continued on page 6



by Mark Dittmore

Educational Opportunity Program Director Gabriel Reyes.

Greg Kihn management finances most profitable program board event

By Jon Swartz

The biggest money-making event for the A.S. program board in March wasn't even sponsored by the group, according to a monthly report submitted to the A.S. board of directors Wednesday by Bill Rolland, program board director.

Sunday's Greg Kihn concert, sponsored entirely by Kihn management, netted the program board \$390, making it the most financially successful event for the board last month.

Under stipulations of the March 28 event, the Kihn management would pay for all of the costs except for security and stage management. Those two services would be paid for by the university, according to Rich Varrasso of Kihn management.

Of the \$3,900 generated by the event, 90 percent of that amount, \$3,510, went to the Kihn management for sponsoring the event. The remaining 10 percent,

\$390, went to the program board for distribution of posters and fliers advertising the concert in Morris Dailey Auditorium.

Nonetheless, program board-sponsored events lost a substantial amount of money (\$7,157.90) in March, including \$5,000 on a Philip Glass lecture and concert (March 4.)

While events under the contemporary arts and forums sections of the board lost \$7,385 between them, films sponsored by the board earned \$227.10.

A capsulized look at the 13 program board events last month:

Mar. 2 - J.J. Webb, a poet, was presented by the board at noon at the S.U. upper pad. The seminar, featuring Webb's poetry, was free to all students. Costing \$175 to the program board, the event drew an estimated 100 people.

Mar. 3 - The Wednesday Cinema made its March debut with

7 and 10 p.m. showings of "Body Heat" in Morris Dailey Auditorium. An estimated crowd of 265 viewed the two showings, paying \$2 each, or \$530.70 in income. The cost of the program was \$597, or a loss of \$66.30 for the event.

The largest money-losing event for the program board over the last year occurred on March 4.

The Philip Glass lecture and concert, hoped by program board members to create a large amount of income for future programming, lost a combined \$5,003.

The presentation of Glass was two-fold.

First, the composer/pianist delivered a noon lecture to 200 students in the S.U. Council Chambers. Free to all students, the cost of the program was \$310 to the program board.

Second, Glass had an 8 p.m. concert in Morris Dailey Auditorium later that day. The total cost of the program was \$6,600. With ticket prices at \$6 and \$7, an estimated 450 people showed up for the event, creating a total income of \$1,907, or a loss of \$4,693 on the concert.

Combining the Glass lecture and concert, the program board spent \$6,900 on the day's activities with \$1,907 in generated income, their total loss for the day was \$5,003.

Rolland attributed the poor concert turnout to student apathy, denying that the program board had inadequately promoted the event.

Mar. 9 - A second poet, Karen Frayne, was presented by the

program board at noon at the S.U. upper pad. Free of charge, the program cost \$140 to present and attracted an estimated crowd of 100.

Mar. 10 - "The Blues Brothers" movie generated a \$234.40 profit for the board. Presented at a cost of \$512, the movie garnered \$746.40 during its 7 and 10 p.m. showings in Morris Dailey Auditorium.

Mar. 16 - David Binder, an acoustical guitarist, was featured at noon at the S.U. upper pad. Another free program to students, the event cost the program board \$495 and drew a crowd of 350.

Mar. 17 - "American Gigolo" lost \$228. Presented at 7 and 10 p.m. in Morris Dailey Auditorium, the movie earned \$247, far short of the \$475 cost for the program.

Mar. 19 - The mime team of Hargrave and Kravitz appeared at 2:30 p.m. in the S.U. Ballroom for a free show for 300 students. The event wasn't free to the program board; it cost them \$310.

Mar. 22 - A Western Front, a progressive rock group, was presented free to all students at noon in the S.U. Ballroom. The program cost \$450 and drew an estimated 250 people.

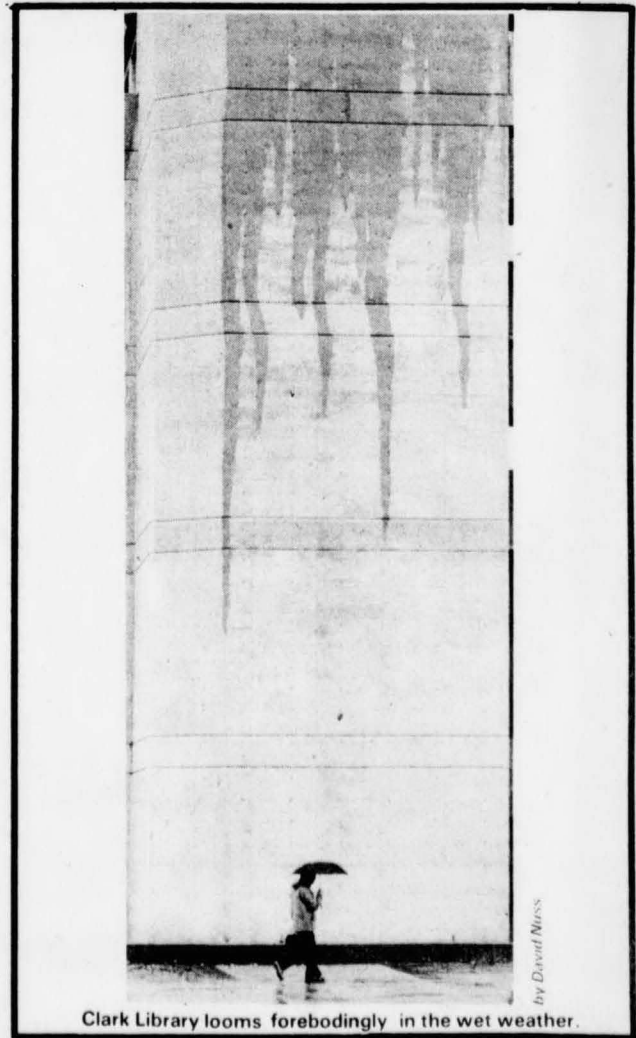
Mar. 24 - "An American Werewolf in London" earned the program board \$287. At a cost of \$498, the movie grossed \$785 for its 7 and 10 p.m. showings in Morris Dailey Auditorium.

continued on page 3

Spartan Daily takes long spring vacation

Like everyone else on campus, the Daily staff will be taking a respite from SJSU next week. We hope that your vacation, wherever it may be, is enjoyable and, most of all, does not prove to be all wet.

The Daily won't be here to roll out the welcome mat on the Monday of your return, but we will resume publication with another epic edition, on Tuesday, April 13.



Clark Library looms forebodingly in the wet weather.

by David Mues

forum

Shoot it into the sun

Put an end to nuclear waste

We have an advanced technology which is producing dangerous waste products that are being disposed of with archaic methods.

While this country has made great advances in the applications of nuclear technology, almost nothing has been done about taking care of the by-products.

A nuclear reactor has a working life of about 35 years, according to the latest PG/E figures. The left-over fuel and waste products can be dangerous up to a



By Dave Lewis
Staff Writer

million years.

The usual method of dealing with these atomic wastes has been either to dump them into the ocean or to bury them in remote areas across the country.

Time has shown this to be foolishness.

The radioactive materials are usually put in barrels, encased in concrete and dumped.

Researchers checking back on past dumps have found the barrels tend to break open in as few as 30 years.

One of the best examples of this is the dumping site at the Farallon Islands, 30 miles out from San Francisco.

Some 25 years ago, a number of containers filled with radioactive wastes were dropped into the waters around the island.

At the time, everyone thought that was the end of it.

Then, in the mid-'70s, divers found some unusually large sponges growing on the containers. Sure enough, the containers had broken open and the sponges had mutated.

Short-sighted disposal methods like this, based on

the old maxim "out of sight out of mind," may be deadly to future generations as more of these "permanent" containers break open and release their nuclear wastes.

Has the government learned anything about the disposal methods from the problem at the Farallons? Not likely.

The latest proposal is to dump obsolete nuclear submarines into the water off Cape Mendocino. This is an idea so stupid it borders on the criminal.

However, there is a solution that is truly permanent, although somewhat expensive. Take the wastes into space and shoot them into the sun.

Here's how to do it.

With every flight the space shuttle makes send up a load of the radioactive material we do not know how to deal with. There is plenty of space on the shuttle to accommodate a large amount of waste sealed in high-impact plastic boxes.

Once in space, have the computers at NASA plot a course for the material that will take it into the sun.

Once the material hits the sun it is GONE, not for 30 years or so, but for good. The sun is the most basic atomic furnace there is, and any materials dumped there would be instantly absorbed and broken down.

The only drawback to this plan is that it costs a good deal more to send the waste into space than it does to dump it into the ocean.

Again the short-sightedness of the government is showing through.

It would be far healthier for the people of the United States to ante up the few cents per person needed to send each load of radioactive waste into space than to save the money in the short-term by burying the waste in our backyards.

For better or worse, nuclear power, whether civilian or military, is going to be here for a long time to come. So it is time to look at adequate disposal method.

The only way to encourage the government to responsibly dispose of atomic waste is to let them know what you want done.



WATT MAN

Country headed for a depression if Reagan can't control economy

Art patron rises to statue's defense

Editor:

This is a response to a letter written by Gary Kolegraff that appeared in the March 26 edition of the Spartan Daily.

Well, Well, Mr. Kolegraff, did you possibly believe that you could criticize SJSU's "artwork" (as you put it) without a rebuttal? I hope not.

You stated that "It is my belief that the statue be taken away" in reference to the sculpture that stands in front of the Business Tower. I should expect no more from a business major. I believe that "the unsightly statue" is the only thing in that vicinity of SJSU that contains any originality and vitality.

Without it, what would one see? We would see only ugly, plain building. You see, Mr. Kolegraff, art is not only serious beauty - it is also imagination, creativity and fun.

To me, the piece that you refer to seems to lend the Business Tower a whimsical note that is a welcome opposition to the real life (and in my

opinion, staid) world of business.

As for your belief that your rights are being infringed upon due to the fact that you are "forced" to view the sculpture, I say ridiculous.

No one is being forced to view the work; if you do not like it, if it offends, simply ignore it as most of us ignore other SJSU events everyday.

Since our campus is such an architectural mixture of styles, I believe that fun and creative art pieces should be placed in between the buildings; perhaps it would give some form of cohesiveness to our campus without cluttering up too much space.

Jo Ann Fry
Art
sophomore

WWII wrought changes at SJSU

Editor:

I had to write - Ron Sperry's letter evoked so many memories - Dr. Duncan was a marvelous

teacher and a friend to all of us who took his classes.

It has been so many years since we attended San Jose State but his letter and the people he mentioned brought back so many memories, some of the best of my life.

Joe and I have been married now for over 40 years, but we still reminisce about our college days. I wonder what has happened to the others in the group? World War II changed all our plans.

Eleanor Venturino Mathis
Alumnus

The Forum page is your page. The Daily encourages readers' comments on any topic. The viewpoints expressed in opinion articles are those of the author. Editorials appearing on this page are the opinion of the Spartan Daily.

America is headed for another depression.

The Reagan Administration claims it will be prevented, however, because they have the right tools to overcome a depression.

They say at a moment's notice



By Mike Jones
Staff Writer

they can revive the economy by cutting taxes, increasing spending and expanding the money supply.

A number of economists do not agree. They do not foresee as great a depression as we had in the 1930s, but they see one lasting a period of two or three years in which outcome and input shrink, and business bankruptcies and unemployment reach levels not seen since World War II.

Of course the Reagan Administration denies this. Says Reagan flatly, "There is no danger of a depression."

Reagan should open his eyes and look at reality.

Already in a recession, we are threatened with the most serious economic downturn since World War II.

The unemployment rate in February rose to 8.8 percent.

Unemployment levels in the construction and auto industries are at full-blown depression levels, with 18.1 percent of construction workers unemployed and auto workers facing a 20.8 percent unemployment rate.

Even the 8.8 percent overall unemployment rate may not be the end.

Deputy Treasurer Secretary R.T. McNamas said unemployment may rise as high as 10 percent before

things are turned around, which would make the unemployment rate the highest it's been in 40 years.

There are other statistics to show we are headed for a depression.

The index of leading indicators, measurements of the economy supposed to give us the best clues of the future, dropped .6 percent in January of this year.

New orders received by American factories also fell 1.2 percent in January.

Now, the few signs that gave us a glimmer of hope for an early recovery are gone.

The government initially reported small rises in retail sales and in the leading index indicators in December. We now find those figures were wrong. Both went down in December, not up.

What is really upsetting about all of this is that the dates for the turnaround keep getting pushed back.

The Reagan Administration first predicted recovery shortly after the start of 1982.

Then they predicted it this spring.

Now they are predicting it sometime in the middle of this year, and there is a very good chance of having the recovery date pushed back again.

There are a great many people who don't feel the recovery will come this year.

Robert Farrel, the leading stock watcher for Merrill Lynch said there is no way the economy will be up in the middle of the year.

Another factor that points to a depression has been the stock market.

In recent weeks it has been dropping drastically, the Dow Jones dropped 17 points in early March, to its lowest level in 22 months.

A major problem is the many businesses which cannot hold out much longer against slumping sales and high interest rates.

"If there is no relief from high interest rates," said Michael Evans, president of Evans Economics, "Then people will start dumping goods in the market for whatever they can get and we will really be headed downhill."

Another worry is the possibility that after years of inflation and high interest rates some of the nation's biggest corporations are short of cash. A prolonged recession could push some into bankruptcy and send shock waves through the rest of the economy.

Savings and loans are in the worst shape of all. It is estimated that 4,000 savings and loans will lose as much as \$9 billion between 1981 and 1983 because they are paying high interest rates to attract deposits but collecting low interest on many old mortgage loans.

So, what is the solution?

Many economists suggest government should immediately attack the high deficits that continue to drive interest rates up.

They could do this by cutting back the enormous increase in defense spending now planned or reducing or even cancelling the further 10 percent cut in income tax rates scheduled for July, 1983.

But Reagan is not convinced by this. He says we need the large defense budget because of the larger and increased possibility of war.

Reagan says he has not closed the door on a compromise with Congress that might lower deficits but time is growing short. The crunch could come in April or May when Congress votes on raising the national debt, now \$1.1 trillion, compared to \$935 billion when Reagan took office.

Reagan claims that inflation was only 5.3 percent in the last quarter of 1981 compared to 9.6 percent in the first quarter.

But a lot more people had jobs then and there wasn't so much talk of a depression.

Daily Policy

The Spartan Daily would like to hear from you-our reader. Your ideas, comments, criticisms and suggestions are encouraged. By listening to our readers we feel we can better serve the campus community.

Letters to the Mailbag, opinion articles and press releases are gladly accepted.

Our policy for accepting such material is as follows:

Letters

Letters should be submitted to the Spartan Daily office (JC 208) weekdays, or by mail to the Mailbag, c/o the Spartan Daily, San Jose State University, 125 S. Seventh St., CA 95192.

All letters must include the writer's signature, major, class standing, address and telephone number. Only the name, major and class standing will be printed.

The Spartan Daily reserves the right to limit the number of letters on a given topic after a sufficient amount of comment has appeared.

Letters should not exceed 350 words.

Opinion

The intent of the Spartan Daily Forum Page is to present a variety of viewpoints of interest to the campus community.

Editorials reflect the position of the Daily. Opinions express the views of the writer or organization

and will appear with a byline attributing the article accordingly.

Comments, columns and editorials will discuss local, state and international affairs.

The Daily encourages reader comments regarding editorials, opinions or news stories.

Guest opinions are encouraged, but will be printed at the discretion of the Forum Page editors.

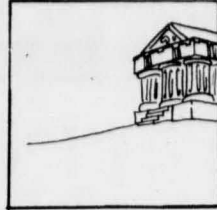
Releases

Releases should be submitted as early as possible to the City Editor at the Spartan Daily office, or by mail. The sooner the release is received, the better coverage the topic may receive.

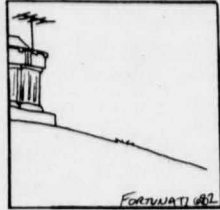


LONG LINES OF SALVADORAN VOTERS WAIT TO CAST BALLOTS. -NEWS ITEM

MARTIN THE SPARTAN



by DEAN FORTUNATI



HOWIE AND HIS BARNYARD PALS

by BASILIO AMARO



Students left dry by freeze can receive intended aid now

By Cindy Maro

Work Study students can begin their job search and scholarship recipients can spend their money because these financial aid funds were exempted from the purchasing freeze ordered by Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. March 12.

Approximately 45 students were affected by the freeze, which lasted at least seven days, said Don Ryan, financial aid director.

Ryan said Glen Guttomsen, associate executive vice president of business affairs, met with President Gail Fullerton and then informed him that these financial aid funds were exempted from the freeze.

Ryan said the freeze didn't "make any sense" because no state funds were involved.

The scholarship money affected by the freeze came from donations from outside agencies, and the money was issued to SJSU to insure that the recipients were enrolled in school, Ryan explained.

But because the money was deposited in a state account, it was frozen, Ryan said. He estimated 15 students were unable to use their \$3,000 in awards.

"Those students have now gotten their checks," he said.

Work Study students who weren't on the payrolls when the freeze was issued were not able to look for jobs, Ryan said.

The federal government pays for 80 percent of Work Study students' salaries, while off-campus or on-campus employers pay for 20 percent.

Because the government's and employers' contributions to Work Study were deposited in a state account, the money was frozen, Ryan said.

"The employers didn't even know (about the problems)," said Marilyn DeVilbiss, Work Study placement adviser.

DeVilbiss is trying to place students in more than 20 bookkeeping and clerical jobs on campus. Openings also are available in off-campus jobs, such as child care for emotionally disturbed children.

Ryan said the freeze probably won't affect future funding of the Work Study program.

Work Study funding is based on the amount of money used the previous year. If a school doesn't use its full allocation one year, its funds will be decreased by that amount the following year, Ryan said.

However, because Work Study funds were frozen only for a short time, Ryan said he doesn't expect any problems.

"I have no question that we'll end up utilizing 100 percent of our funds," Ryan said.

Approximately 1,100 SJSU students received \$1.3 million from Work Study this year, Ryan added.

However, the freeze is affecting the financial aid office in other ways.

Although some informational brochures may be printed, the freeze prevents the hiring of an operations officer, who oversees applications processing.

"Personnel dollars apparently are still frozen very hard," Ryan said.

In addition, Ryan is unable to hire two temporary clerical workers, which may cause delays in student mailings.

"Our aim is to notify the students of their financial aid packages by early June," Ryan said.

However, the shortage of clerical workers may cause a two-week delay, he said.

PROGRAM BOARD

continued from page 1

Mar. 25 - Computer portraits took place from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the S.U. upper pad. For \$1, students could have their portraits electronically processed by a computer. The cost of the program was \$650 and, with \$93 generated in income, the event lost a total of \$557.

March 28 - Greg Kihn generated a \$390 profit for the board.

Mar. 29 - The Humans, a new wave band,

performed at noon in the S.U. Ballroom. The concert was free of charge to students and drew an estimated 300 people. The cost of the program was \$645.

The monetary figures for Wednesday's movie, "The French Lieutenant's Woman," were not available at press time.

The 13 events in March, lectures, bands, movies, concerts and activities to SJSU students, cost \$11,857 with a generated income of \$4,699.10.

spartaguide

Ian and the Idiots, a New Wave band, will perform at 1 p.m. in the S.U. Ballroom. For more information call Bill Rolland at 277-2807.

The African Awareness Month Planning Committee will hold a meeting at 3 p.m. today in the S.U. Pacheco Room. Call Tony Bolivar at 926-8614 for more information.

Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer will speak at noon April 13 at the S.U. Amphitheatre or Upper Pad. For more

information, call Martina Brandt at 277-2807.

The Humanities Club will show the film: "Woody Allen, an American Comedy", at 3:30 p.m. today in the S.U. Pacheco Room. For more information call Larry at 268-2285.

Theta Chi Fraternity will hold a "Spring Break Party" at 9 p.m. today at the fraternity, 123 S. 11th St. For more information call Bob Maloney or Bob Hess at 279-9625, or 998-9925.

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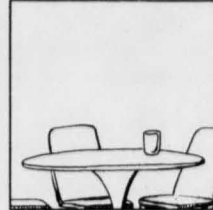
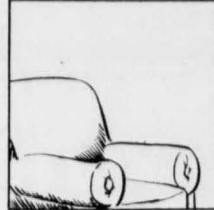
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Spikers depend on weather in King Games



3000 meter steeplechaser Tom Hussey clears a hurdle earlier this year on his way to victory against Fresno State. Hussey and most of the SJSU track team will participate in the Martin Luther King Games Saturday at Stanford. The tracksters will continue dual meet competition April 10 against Cal and Oregon State.

By Mike Thomas
Most of the SJSU men's track team will be traveling to Stanford tomorrow to participate in the Martin Luther King Games.

"We're not going to run some of the people if the weather is bad," distance coach Marshall Clark said. "A lot depends on the weather."

SJSU has been hit by a deluge of injuries so far this season that has hampered its performances in the first four meets this season.

Some of the top performers for the Spartans that have been entered in the meet include Felix Bohni in the pole vault and Bernie Holloway in the 400 meter intermediate hurdles.

Bohni has cleared 18-0 this year and has cleared 18-2 but the jump could not be counted for record because it was the fourth jump at that height that day. Only three jumps are allowed for record.

Bohni holds the Swiss national record at 18-2 which he cleared last year.

Holloway has already qualified for the NCAA championships with a time of 50.75 in the intermediate hurdles. Holloway also ran the anchor leg of that ex-

citing mile relay win earlier this season against Fresno State that won the meet.

Long jumper Essodina Atchade will also be competing. Atchade has qualified for the NCAA championships with a jump of 25-11.

Tom McGraw will be competing in the decathlon for SJSU for the first time this year.

Distance runner Simon Kilili meanwhile will be competing in the 10,000 meters. Kilili has won both the 1500 and 5000 meters in the one meet this year.

Kilili, a transfer from Arizona Junior College, was a member of the Kenya Olympic team in 1980 and was the top runner on the SJSU cross country team last fall.

Other Spartans entered include Keith Bacon, Ken Thomas, Virgil Torrence and Dwayne Green, who will run in either the 400 or mile relays.

Jerome Bearden will be in the shuttle hurdles

and the 400 meter intermediate hurdles while Harry Campbell will be entered in the mile relay.

The field events, Rob Suelflohn and Hank Scarborough will be entered in the shot put and Bob Cook will throw the discus.

One of the feature events of the meet will be the football 100 meters. Featured in the race will be top SJSU rusher and receiver Gerald Willhite and his younger brother, Kevin, who was picked as the top high school athlete in the country by the National Coaches Association.

Greg Foster (formerly UCLA, Wilt's Athletic Club), and former SJSU standout Dedy Cooper will highlight the 110 meter high hurdles.

John Powell and Brian Oldfield will highlight the field events.

Milton Goode, who has cleared 7-6, will be featured in the high jump.

Bulldogs, weather challenge Spartan nine

By Mike Jones

As the second half of the Northern California Baseball Association opens, the SJSU baseball team will be tested severely as it hosts Fresno State for a three-game series beginning tonight at 7:30 at Municipal Stadium.

The two teams will meet tomorrow for a doubleheader at Muni beginning at noon. All three games could be cancelled if the rainy weather persists.

In the previous meeting between the Spartans and the Bulldogs this year, Fresno State was just too much for the Spartans to handle as the Bulldogs took all three games in Fresno by scores of 13-5, 6-3, and 5-2.

At that time, the Spartans were in the midst of a long losing streak, having lost seven in a row.

However, the Spartans have now won three of their last five games and could prove to be more of a threat to the Bulldogs than they were in their first meeting.

After Saturday's doubleheader against the Spartans,

the Bulldogs will face Santa Clara on Sunday to decide the first half champion.

The Spartans will have to be at the top of their game to beat the Bulldogs, for Fresno State is leading the league in batting (.297), pitching (2.86 ERA) and fielding (.972).

The line-up the Spartans are likely to see will show Pete Delena at first base. Delena is struggling at the plate, his average only .200, but he has two home runs.

The shortstop will be the Bulldogs best all-around player, Tim Thiessen. He is batting .364 overall and a league-leading .443 in league play. Thiessen is tied with teammate Terry Pendleton in RBIs with 36, which is first in season play among NCBA batters.

The Fresno State outfield is also strong featuring Pendleton, Gaetan Tamo and Russ Hall.

Pendleton, batting .307 with four homers, is tied for

third in the NCBA in runs scored with 22, and is tied with Thiessen for RBIs. He is also tied in league play for most hits at 30, with Jim Ferguson of Nevada-Reno.

Tamo is ninth overall in hitting with a .346 average.

The final Bulldog outfielder, Hall, is batting .333 with two homers.

The catching will be split between Emery Phillips and Rob Geels.

Phillips is batting .236 with one home run, while Geels is batting .275.

The pitchers the Bulldogs are most likely to use against the Spartans will be three right-handers: Randy Graham, Kurt Walker and John Hoover.

Graham, the ace of the Bulldog pitching staff, is 7-0 with a 2.40 ERA. Walker has a 4-2 record with a 2.76 ERA, while Hoover is 3-5 with a 3.14 ERA.

Lady netters lose again

Since the SJSU women's tennis team is the only SJSU team on the road this week, the Lady Spartans have been spared any cancellations.

That's too bad because the lady netters dropped their second match Wednesday on their current Southern California trip by a 6-3 score to Long Beach State.

SJSU lost its first game of the trip on Tuesday by a

7-2 score to UC-Irvine.

As in the match against Irvine, the Lady Spartans' No. 1 player, Susan Zaro, was victorious in her match. Zaro easily dispatched Long Beach State's Jane Bardot 6-3, 6-2.

Against Irvine, Zaro defeated Maria Meyers after losing the first set, 0-6. She won the last two sets 6-2, 6-4 and increased her record to 7-1 on the season after beating Bardot.

The other two winners for SJSU were Bev Davis and the doubles combination of Polly Moore and Aileen Nishi. Davis, the No. 5 player, downed Debbie Lush of Long Beach, 6-2, 6-1 while Moore and Nishi beat their counterparts 6-2, 6-3.

Rochelle Morrison, who won her match against Irvine, lost to Long Beach's Joan Carson by a 7-6, 6-2 count. Morrison is SJSU's No. 2 player.

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Coaches look to the heavens for rain relief

By Stewart Emerson

California's version of the monsoon, which has turned tennis courts into red and green lakes, local coaches turned into local lagoons, and baseball diamonds into pig heavens, has left at least three SJSU coaches looking to the skies for any sign of relief.

Or at least to April. To them, Mark Gale - women's golf, John Hubbell - men's tennis, and Jerry Vroom - men's golf, April (or any month for that matter) couldn't possibly be worse than March, weatherwise.

March just isn't made for spring sports. Despite the gloomy weather Gale, Hubbell and Vroom still have a bright outlook for their teams.

Women's Golf

"It (rain) dulls our sharpness, but it doesn't hurt our spirits," Gale said. "They're (players) just chomping at the bit . . . wanting to play and hit some balls."

The last time the Lady Spartans played they were sharp, winning the Husky Invitational in Redmond, Wash., by 13 strokes. But that was nine days ago. And with all the local courses flooded out, the golfers - playing in a practice round Sunday for the three-day Lady Sun Devil

Invitational in Phoenix - will not have played a full round of golf for 11 days.

"I'm worried about Tulsa, Arizona, Arizona State and New Mexico," he said. "The weather's been good for them." He said he will have his players play the Mummy Mountain golf course quickly in the practice round, just to get markings and measurements. "We'll spend the majority of our time on our short game and putting."

"They'd almost rather go without a putt than go without hitting balls," he said.

Men's Tennis

"A couple of days isn't bad, but this is getting ridiculous," said tennis coach Hubbell. "When you're rolling, you want to keep rolling."

Hubbell was referring to the Spartans' 6-2 whipping of Ohio State last Friday. He said his players were keyed up after the win and were really looking forward to last Wednesday's match against Stanford. But it was rained out like everything else.

"It's mentally draining when you prepare for something that doesn't happen," Hubbell said. "It's got

to be kind of discouraging if you're doing well. I hope April will be a dry month." He said the Spartans have been practicing on their own this week and should be ready for Monday's match against a strong UC Santa Barbara team.

"It's the best team they've ever had," Hubbell said. "They've got very strong one and two (players). It'll probably come down to everybody just being prepared."

Men's Golf

The SJSU men golfers are the only athletes out of the three who are playing presently, but they had to go to Fresno to do it.

Playing yesterday, today and tomorrow in the Fresno Golf Classic, the Spartans went into the tournament just as rusty as everybody else - from Northern California that is.

Coach Vroom said before the team left Wednesday that the Southern California schools and BYU would have an advantage because of the inclement weather.

However, the tournament, played at the Fort Washington golf course, isn't getting the best of weather either. Yesterday's round was held off for two hours because of heavy rains. Mike Watney, Fresno State's coach, said the course is "very, very wet."

"We have to play winter rules," he said. Winter rules allow the players to clean and place the ball.

The forecast for today and tomorrow is partly cloudy.



A water marker, or, golf flag, stands in a small lake covering the 4th green at the San Jose Muni golf course.

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HAPPY EASTER FROM THE BACKSHOP

MESA to sponsor trip to California colleges

By Cary Wyant-Schairer
Forty Santa Clara County high school students are scheduled to leave this morning on a MESA-sponsored trip to four Southern California colleges according to SJSU MESA Coordinator Roberto Chavez. MESA (Mathematics, Engineering, Science Achievement) is a statewide program aimed at recruiting minority high school students into math-based careers, with offices at SJSU and 14 other California colleges. The students will visit the University of Redlands, Harvey Mudd College and

the Los Angeles and Santa Barbara campuses of the University of California to look at those schools' engineering programs. The five-day trip is designed to help students decide where they want to go to college. The schools will act as host, housing students in dormitories and supplying them with free meals. "We will bring sleeping bags because everywhere we go won't have beds to sleep on," Chavez said. MESA is a privately funded

organization. Representatives from IBM, Hewlett-Packard, National Semiconductor and other industries sit on its board of directors. Industry funds will cover the \$35 transportation fee for the trip students unable to pay, Chavez said. Chavez added that the "impacted" status of SJSU's engineering school "will put new obstacles in the face of minority students applying here" by creating a very competitive admissions process. The engineering program here was declared impacted last semester due to a

shortage of full-time professors. The "impacted" status will first affect students applying for the fall 1982 semester. "A lot of our (MESA) kids come from poor areas," Chavez said. "Their (high school) preparation is not as good as if they came from Los Gatos or Saratoga. The engineering programs at UCLA and UC-Santa Barbara, two schools to be visited by MESA students in the next week, have "very good retention programs dealing with minorities," Chavez said.

Pub features 'The Hotz' in hard rock act

By Lee Sherman
A hard-rock band that students have "the hotz" for plays tonight in the Spartan Pub. "The Hotz" have played at the Pub regularly since bailing out Entertainment Director Cam Roberson, by filling in when a scheduled band canceled out. They went over well with the students and Roberson asked them back. "They're a rock n' roll band that features a fiddle and a female vocalist," Roberson said. The Hayward-based band has been together one-and-a-half years and includes Alen Wilson on bass, Kerry Butler on drums, and Art Najera, on guitar and vocals, in addition to violinist Jim Hurley and lead singer Rhonda Ermoian.

'Everybody is really hot'

"Everybody's really hot," Najera said. "They've been playing a long time." Najera said that Ermoian is a "female version of Rod Stewart," and really the focal point of their act. "She just has the magic on stage," he said. "She's pretty flamboyant and she's got a lot of stage presence. She dances around and gets the people going." Though Najera considers Ermoian to be their strong point, he is quick to stress the talents of the other band members. "Everybody stands out in their own way," he said. A long-time friend of Najeras, Hurley was asked to join the band after receiving his B.A. in music from Humboldt State University. "I knew he played violin, and I knew someday he'd be back," Najera said. He added that the violin "adds a nice texture to the music." Najera said the band tries to remain accessible to its audience. "It's all danceable, it's not too far out there that people can't enjoy it," he said. "We're an energetic rock band," he added. "If you've got a high energy show, it totally involves the audience." Najera writes the groups original songs, and he said this involvement extends to the group's songs. "They have clever, catchy lyrics, that deal with different things but nothing too fancy," Najera said. "Whiskey," "Gambling," and "The Magic," are some of the titles in their repertoire. Najera said the best things about the shows at the Pub is that they're "short but sweet." "The Hotz" present original and popular FM rock hits from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. The mellow sounds of guitarist Paul Blote will warm up the Pub from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.

EOP RESPONDS

continued from page 1

assistance) only the entrance assistance will be done by EOP.

Tutoring will be contracted to the Learning Assistance Center, counseling will be done by the Academic Advisement Center and the Student Affirmative Action office (which will also help with tutoring of EOP students) and financial aid will be handled by the Financial Aids' Office, which does most of that now, Reyes said. "Decentralization does not work," Reyes said. "The reorganization is not necessary."

"The whole reason for reorganizing EOP is the low utilization of services," he said, but added that the program works well for those who do use it.

EOP should not be "potentially dismantled" for lack of use, Reyes said.

"Where it (decentralization) has happened on other campuses it does not work," Reyes said, adding that there was a "loss of control and a loss of continuity of service" on other campuses that have enacted similar plans.

There has been no challenge to whether EOP is good for students, he said, "the answer (for low utilization) is not a shotgun restructuring of the program."

In a letter attached to the memo, Brett Melendy, the associate academic vice president who will be overseeing most of the tutoring and counseling functions, made suggestions for personnel transfers to Burns.

Melendy's memo suggests EOP money be used for partial salary of Student Affirmative Action director, travel and supplies as well as the reading and writing specialist, he said.

Melendy opens his letter by stating that his ideas are "premised upon the assignment of certain EOP functions to

this office."

Reyes said Melendy's opening statement is "totally out of line." Reyes feels that EOP should not be assigned to Melendy.

He said he brought up some major concerns he had about the memo to Martin.

Reyes said Martin told him that the memo should be disregarded. But Reyes pointed out that the memo was circulated throughout the university.

"I feel there should be another memo saying that (Melendy's memo should be disregarded)," Reyes said.

The budget language requires that EOP funds be used for EOP students, he said.

Reyes said that the EOP money, all from the state, provides for admission and recruitment, counseling, and learning assistance.

The financial aid function is mostly carried out by the financial aids office, he said.

Most of the learning assistance in the new plan will be contracted out to the Learning center.

Reyes said that it is not clear to him whether or not EOP will be able to do any counseling.

"I don't know that we'll have the staff," he said.

"They're talking about doing a contract situation where EOP will only be billed for EOP students," he said.

"But there is no basis for feeling that this will be better for EOP students," Reyes said.

He said that EOP students do well. The average student had a 2.26 GPA in 1980. The average retention rate was 86 percent and disqualification rate was "a low 5 percent."

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Planned EOP restructuring causes staff to file grievance

By Scott Shifrel

Staff members of the Educational Opportunity Program are filing a grievance against four of SJSU's top administrators.

In a letter to SJSU President Gail Fullerton, six staff members of the program state they "have been wronged by a failure to consult about serious and apparently deep-going changes in our working conditions."

The changes referred to involve the restructuring of the program - to take effect next fall, according to university officials.

EOP provides tutoring, counseling, financial aid and admissions assistance to disadvantaged, low-income and minority students.

The plan, drawn up by Robert Burns, academic vice president and Robert Martin, dean of student services, calls for the creation of a central Learning Assistance Center.

The center will house many of the tutorial and counseling programs now "fragmented" throughout the university, according to Martin.

But also involved in the plan are the contracting out of services for EOP students to the other campus agencies. The plan involves the dispersment of approximately four

staff members to other programs according to Gabriel Reyes, EOP director.

"We have a lot of questions regarding the memo (that detailed the new plan)," said Estella Nanez, an EOP counselor who signed the grievance.

"We were told a week prior to the (issuance of) the memo that we would be able to have input (on the plan)," she said, adding that "the restructuring is out of our control."

The letter to Fullerton states, in part: "We believe the action to be arbitrary, untimely and not consistent with reasonable standards."

"The remedy sought is the rescinding of your directive to implement the Burns-Martin proposals. At the present time we opt for an open public hearing."

Reyes also said he was upset that program personnel had no say in drawing up the plan, but he said he did not sign the grievance.

Of the nine professional program staff members, six did sign the grievance.

Reyes said he is "not prepared to accept this plan." "I want to have a chance to give some input before we're just pushed down the road here," he said.

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OUR COVER

Nastassia Kinski in her strange-but-beautiful-and-mysterious look for Cat People.

IN ONE EAR

With reference to your January/February issue of *Ampersand*, your article, "Tim Hutton: America's Best Young Actor?" was both insightful and interesting. However, on page 21, column 4, you make reference to the biography *American Caesar* which you claim to be the life story of General George S. Patton. In fact, *American Caesar*, written by William Manchester, is the biography of another great military man, General Douglas MacArthur. I have just completed a lengthy history term paper on the life and times of MacArthur in which I used Manchester's book extensively as a source of information. I felt obliged to call your attention to this error.

I feel that your magazine is one of the best in its genre.

Randy Agnew
Austin, TX

Music Editor Laursen rechecked his copy, heaved a sigh of relief, and replied: "What was taken to be an appositive is actually two elements in a list: 'American Caesar, [and] a biography of General George S. Patton ...'" While Laursen admits his sentence wasn't entirely clear, he refuses to confess any guilt.

Three cheers for your cover story on Timothy Hutton. He deserves all the recognition he can get. America's best young actor? Probably. My favorite? Definitely!

Naomi Wender
University of Maryland

I've been an *Ampersand* reader for almost two years, and I really enjoy it.

For the past four or five months I've been watching this late night comedy show that's on Saturday night on ABC TV.

It's from the "Thames" network in England. It's "The Kenny Everett Video Show."

He does some wild stuff with video, and has music stars performing their own video songs.

I'd like to see something in your magazine about him, and what makes his show tick.

An Avid Reader
Mark

Send letters to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

New Contributors

JODY EVE GRANT (*On Screen*) toils in the CMPS division of Alan Weston Communications, Inc., studied film at UCLA (graduated when she was 20) and is a twin.

DARLENE GULDNER (*On Screen*) attended Long Beach State and proved she's a better proofreader than anyone on our blind staff. But did it get her a job? Are you kidding?

Travel Section

BUDDY BASCH has his own Travel Feature Syndicate out of New York, which sounds like a not unpleasant way to earn a living.

BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE once worked at Summerfest and is now pursuing a writing career in Milwaukee.

DEBORAH LEVIN, a former airlines pilot, aspires to start a Polynesian-style hand laundry on the banks of the Los Angeles River.

DAN ROBERTS, in real life, is an editor of an Oregon-based wildlife magazine, and loves to toy with alliteration, hyperbole, litotes, oxymoron, you name it.

KEITH WALAN sent us this gem unsolicited, and that's all we know about him.



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& OUT THE OTHER

News from Lucasville

REVENGE OF THE JEDI will feature Alec Guinness as Obi Wan Kenobi after all; in the land of Lucas, death isn't quite so permanent. When *Jedi*, (which will reportedly tie up all loose ends from the previous pix) is finished, work will begin on the next trilogy — parts 1, 2 and 3. As every *Star Wars* fan must know, *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Revenge of the Jedi* comprise the middle three of nine parts — 4, 5 and 6. However — there may yet be a way to put youthful versions of Princess Leia, Han Solo and Luke Skywalker in the next trilogy, in "prequel" form.

Bad news: there won't be a sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* until 1984.

Deals, Schmeals

LOUIS MALLE and JOHN GUARE, director and writer, respectively, of Academy Award-nominated *Atlantic City*, will next collaborate on a film version of the ABSCAM scandals, to star Belushi and Aykroyd.

BELUSHI and AYKROYD, meanwhile, are still being investigated by the Writers Guild disciplinary committee; they've been charged with "scabbing" while filming *Neighbors* during last year's writers strike. Aykroyd admitted, in an interview with the *Hollywood Reporter*, that the changes made were in the "improvisational role of actors, not writers." Perhaps this case will lead to a clearer definition of what constitutes writing. It isn't, apparently, just a typewriter and some paper.

STEVEN SPIELBERG has called Joe plans to remake *A Guy Called Joe*, an undistinguished fantasy that starred Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson and World War II. The title will be changed to *Always*.

PRODUCER ALLAN CARR (*Don't Stop the Music*, *Grease*) has offered Elton John the lead in the Broadway revival of Anthony Newley's *The Roar of the Greasepaint*, the *Smell of the Crowd*.

THE BOBBY DARIN STORY, based on Al Di Orto's book *On Borrowed Time*, will get its star from open auditions held in New York. Though the film will be dramatic, not a musical, there will be a soundtrack album on Beverly Hills Records (through RCA).

DAVID GEFFEN just signed a five-year deal with Warner Bros. films (he once worked there as a top exec). The studio will fully finance and distribute the pictures, but Geffen and company will have artistic control. Geffen is currently listed as executive producer of *Personal Best*, but he claims he won't be involved in any future pictures as a producer. This year Geffen plans to make two films: one to be announced, the other *Man Trouble*, written by Carol Eastman (who, using the alias Adrian Joyce, wrote *Five Easy Pieces*). *Dreamgirls*, currently on Broadway and coproduced by Geffen, will not necessarily be part of this deal, but it will be filmed eventually. *Dreamgirls* is the story of a black female singing trio a la the Supremes.

CB RECORDS and 7-UP will pool their resources for promotional purposes — a \$1 million merchandising campaign, based on a contest running through April 15, with 13 million game cards with hidden symbols distributed to 45,000 7-UP outlets around the country. Winners redeem their cards

through the mail and get CBS records in return. Wouldn't it be easier to just buy them?

HAND MADE FILMS, the outfit that gave us *Time Bandits*, is planning three more for our amazement: *The Missionary*, written by and starring Monty Python Michael Palin, will also, if they're lucky, star John Gielgud and Alec Guinness; John Cleese, also a Python, will star in the film version of a play called *Privates on Parade*, and the first to see the light of production will be *Scrubbers*, about women in prison, directed by Mai Zetterling. *Yellowbeard*, written by Python Graham Chapman, is still in limbo.

MICK JAGGER NEEDS \$15 MILLION (don't call us) in order to launch filming of Gore Vidal's *Kalki*. Allegedly Alec Guinness (his third mention in this column, if anyone's counting) has agreed to play the diabolical scientist, while director Hal Ashby is still committed, and Vidal himself wrote the screenplay. We're waiting...

Knacksters on Track

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS, formerly with Detective, has been cutting demo tracks for a new LP, to be produced by formerly hot ("Heart of Glass," "Hot Child in the City") wax-master Mike Chapman. Helping out are Bruce Gary, Berton Averre and Prescott Niles, former members of the Knack. Officially, the Knack is parting "temporarily." The group tried for an image makeover with the release of their third Capitol LP, to counter the snotty reputation earned in their one-hit wonder days. But, since post-"My Sharona" album sales have been slack, and since (rumor has it) the rest of the band totally loathes headman Doug Fieger, temporary probably means forever. Fieger, meanwhile, is at work on a solo album.

Brassy Women Sought

IVY AND THE ELEGANTS, who plan to be the best all-woman R&B band in Los Angeles (and that's just for starters), are auditioning horn players. Applicants must be female, funky, and willing to display their embouchure.

Need Wheels?

JUST OFFERED FOR SALE in a Hollywood paper's classifieds: The *Goldfinger* prop car, a perfectly normal 1964 Aston Martin DBS with select options — an ejector seat, two machine guns, metal tire slashers that extend from the wheel hubs and devices that can lay smoke screens and oil slicks in the path of wicked pursuers. And did we mention the revolving license plates? Priced to sell (be the first on your block to strafe Buicks!) at only \$200,000.

Three Down, Five to Go

ROLLING STONE EDITOR/PUBLISHER Jann Wenner's deal with Paramount, made in the aftermath of *Animal House*'s success — possibly Paramount thought Wenner had his pinkie on the pulse of youthful America — died quietly, with no films ever produced. At least one was written, by former *Rolling Stone* senior editor Ben Fong-Torres: *Somebody to Love*, about San Francisco in the Sixties. Two others were planned, one "an old Hunter Thompson project," and one "about high school" by *Stone* feature writer Cameron Crowe. (Crowe in-

stead wrote a book and teleplay without Wenner: *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.) According to a report in *New York* magazine, Wenner received \$1000 a week during the 2-1/2-year deal. Paramount sez they may still someday make a Wenner film, but it will have to be developed with someone else's money.

FIVE LAMPOON PROJECTS are in the works. We keep mentioning this because so many people (3 or 4, at least) insist that college students care desperately about anything named *Lampon*. *Class Reunion*, detailed here last issue, is due September 1 from 20th Century-Fox; *Vacation '82* starts filming at Warner Bros. this spring; *Joy of Sex* at Paramount is still waiting for a director to replace departing Bill Norton Jr. (Penny Marshall, Laverne herself, has been offered the job); and the once-axed *National Lampon Goes to the Movies* has been re-edited by Matty Simmons, head of *Lampon* and no film editor; this one threatens to emerge sometime this year from United Artists. And to make it almost universal, Universal is "considering" a script of *Animal House 2*. MGM and Columbia do not have any *Lampon* projects. They have all the luck.

& Twelve More...

REMEMBER LAST ISSUE when we listed three, count 'em, three productions of *The Pirates of Penzance* coming to big and small screens soon? Well, hang onto your beanies — CBS Cable TV has bought up five, count 'em, five made-for-TV Gilbert & Sullivan musicals: *HMS Pinafore*, *The Gondoliers*, *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, and, sure enough, *The Pirates of Penzance*. Each two-hour operetta stars William Conrad, Peter Marshall, Peter Allen, Frankie Howerd, Keith Michell and



Ten Years Late, but Who's Counting?

THE CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH, organized by George Harrison in 1971 to benefit the starving children of that country, has finally had an official tally of money (all proceeds donated to UNICEF): \$10,750,000. The concert, film and album of same starred Harrison, Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, Leon Russell and Ravi Shankar. The first two years after the concert, \$2,250,000 was handed over to UNICEF; in the ensuing 8 years, \$8,500,000 trickled in. The U.S. Committee for UNICEF decided to honor Harrison for his part in all this; Hugh Downs is the chairman of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, which explains most of the photo above.

Clive Revill. What's more, the remaining seven Gilbert & Sullivan operettas will be produced for the same outfit.

Josie, Are You Obscene?

AN UNUSUAL POP TUNE entitled "Johnny, Are You Queer?" — a standout of past stage shows by the Go-Go's, was recently recorded by Josie Cotton for a local L.A. label named Bomp Records. The song's popularity, particularly on KROQ, a Pasadena FMer, led Ms. Cotton to a contract with Elektra/Asylum Records. But the lyric, in which Ms. Cotton questions the vitality of a guy who's disinterested in scaling her Mount of Venus, has spawned a backlash. A re-

cent gathering of several placard-carriers outside KROQ's studio, identified as People Against Obscenity, paraded slogans like "Think Straight" and "Hell No, We Won't Blow." KROQ reciprocated by playing the song twice for the protesters.

Personals

BILL HUDSON, former husband to Goldie Hawn and father of her two children, will next marry Cindy Williams of *Laverne & Shirley*.

GILDA RADNER and GENE WILDER met while making *Hanky Panky*, and they're still together. Her husband, the rock guitarist, is out in the cold.

Tuneful News & Looney Tunes

DAVID BOWIE & GIORGIO MORODER have collaborated on the soundtrack for *Cat People* (see feature this issue). It will be released on Backstreet Records.

BUCOLIC FOLK/PUNK ROCKER Neil Young may actually be headed from serene Burbank to nasty Hollywood; RCA is reportedly coaxing Lonesome Neil with tall offers to split from Warner-Reprise, the Warner Bros. subsidiary whose only other current artist is Frank Sinatra. "However," says a Warner spokesman, "under the terms of his contract, he owes us one more album. So talk of his departure is a little premature."

THE SOUNDTRACK FOR *One from the Heart*, with masterful songs by Tom Waits and moody singing by Crystal Gayle and Waits, may not be picked up by Columbia Records. (They have first crack at it because Gayle records for them, presumably.) Dumb move.

(Continued next page)



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& OUT THE OTHER

TOM PETTY's latest album is still in the studio, with an interim bass player, Howie Epstein (who usually backs Del Shannon, whom Petty recently produced, hence the logical connection). Ron Blair, Petty's former bassist, left around Christmas last year and is, as they say, "pursuing different musical directions."

JONI MITCHELL has reportedly scrapped all the songs for her next album and is in New York writing new ones.

ROBIN LANE, FORMERLY LEADING Robin Lane & the Chartbusters for Warner Bros. Records, is now recording in MCA Music Studios, L.A., with Stan Lynch (Tom Petty drummer) Elliot Easton (Cars guitarist) and Leroy Radcliffe (ex Chartbuster).

Playing Games

TAP, DEVISED BY H. R. "TOM" SAWYER, a California philologist, is a thesaurus/dictionary disguised as a word game. TAP consists of two decks of tap cards, a spin dial and a score pad, and the words are not simple. Sawyer told one writer, "I'm not going

to lower the difficulty of the words just to hit the masses. If they don't buy it, I don't give a damn. It's going to stay highbrow." Sesquipedalians among us may order TAP by sending \$16 to Logophilia Unlimited, Inc., 2253 Park Blvd., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

PENTE, PRONOUNCED PEN-TAY, recently sponsored a \$10,000 World Open Pente Championship in Dallas, with first prize of \$5000 cash, a week for two in England and a Grecian urn (say what?). Based on the Japanese game Go, Pente is four years old and determined to be five.

Like the Song Says, "Don't Go ..."

RUMORED THAT "Wolverton Mountain," lovably ridiculous 1962 C&W/crossover hit for Claude King, is being developed into a film.

You Should Be Dancing, Yarrgh!

ACCORDING TO A RECENT report in *Variety*, the State of California is

BODD



pioneering a new treatment for convicted sex offenders, sort of a litmus test for their progress in therapy. Prisoners go to discos for an evening of discreetly observed mingling. If they can shake a tailfeather without resorting to strangulation holds, improvement is assumed. However, in the milieu of a disco, it isn't easy to tell a maniac from a victim of Saturday Night Fever: at least two inmates have escaped in the stroboscopic confusion.

Moreover, suggested the *Variety* reporter, perhaps a disco evening should be considered "cruel and unusual punishment." His alternative sugges-

tion: take offenders to a punk club. If they mingle successfully, lock 'em up again. If they shy from slam dancing, pronounce them cured.

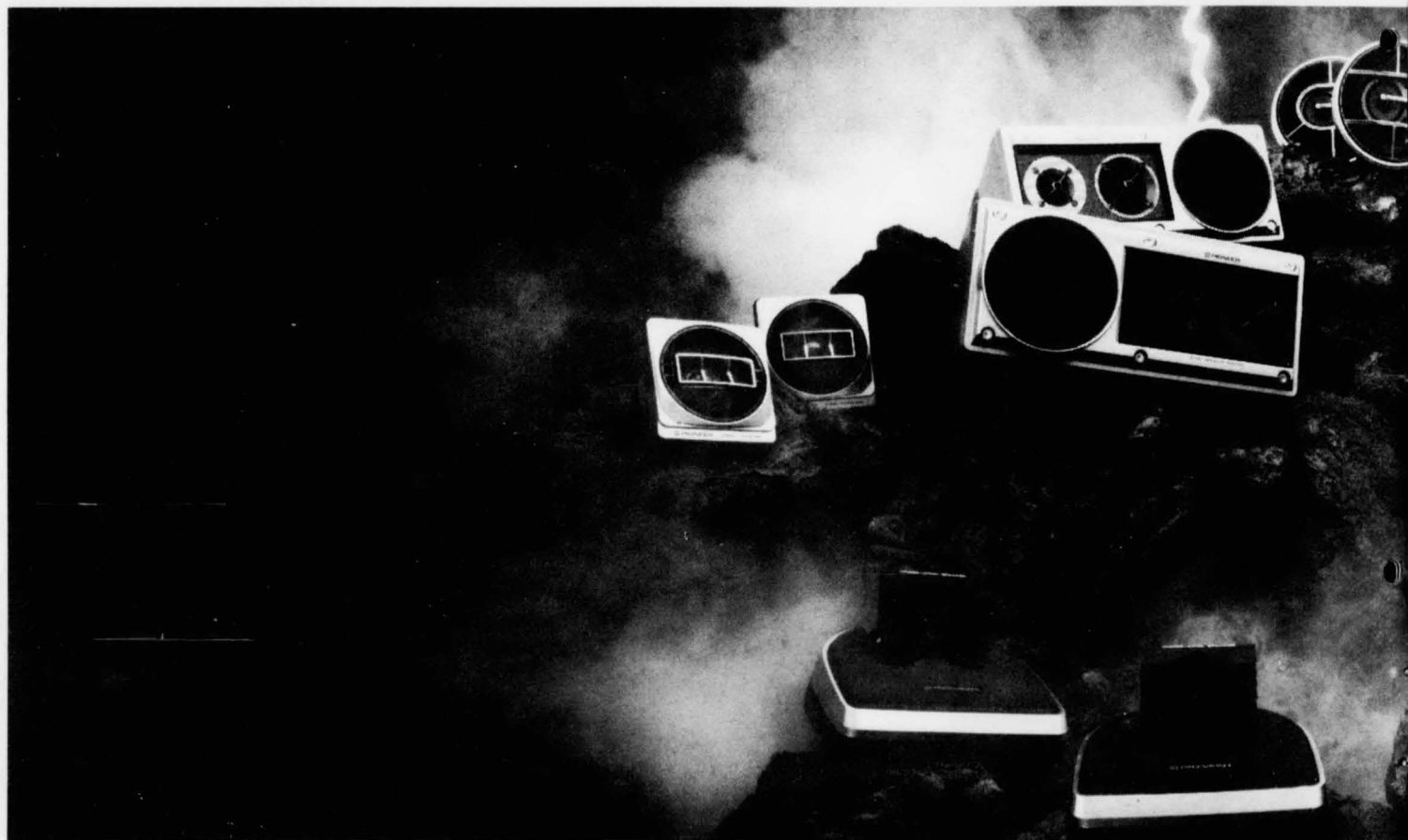
Just What Are Your Favorite Stars Up To?

SYLVESTER STALLONE will write and star in *Pals*, a contemporary comedy; later this year we'll see him one more time as Rocky in the third installment of that saga; and he just finished *First Blood*, after many delays and several injuries.

SCOTT GLENN, the coach in *Personal Best* (and the sexiest man in *Urban Cowboy*) will play astronaut Alan Shepard in *The Right Stuff*, based on Tom Wolfe's book. Dennis Quaid and Sam Shepard also star.

AMY IRVING left the Broadway cast of *Amadeus* to travel to Europe, where she'll star in *Yentl*, directed by Barbra Streisand.

MGM IS RE-RELEASING *A Clockwork Orange* because it is deemed a "precursor of punk" and as such may intrigue a whole new generation of freaks.



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ON SCREEN

One from the Heart

Starring: Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, Raul Julia, and Nastassia Kinski; screenplay by Francis Coppola and Amyan Bernstein; directed by Francis Coppola

Francis Coppola has taken a simple love story and produced one of the most wonderful movies in years. *One from the Heart* is about losers, living out their second-rate lives in Las Vegas, a town that only cares about its big winners. Frannie and Hank (Garr and Forrest) are celebrating their fifth anniversary of meeting and subsequently living together, but on this July 4th they argue and go out on the town separately.

When Coppola announced that he was building a complete replica of the Vegas strip on a Zoetrope Studio soundstage, it seemed as if he was getting a bit carried away. Here he was, making a simple musical romance, and the budget was quickly approaching the grandiose scale of Coppola's recent epic classic *Apocalypse Now*. At

One from the Heart's Final Preview Showing at New York's Radio City Music Hall it appeared as if every dollar were well spent. No detail seems to have been omitted: the colors are gorgeous, including the only opening credits that could ever be described as breathtaking. At times it appears as if the characters are secondary to the visual wonders. We are being shown a story about marginally ordinary people who aren't half as interesting as the town they live in (although, oddly, we never see gambling, we just hear it). *One from the Heart* works under the premise that its insignificant characters are only a minute part of Las Vegas, the glossy, overbearing town that engulfs individuals into a blurring swirl of anonymity.

Blues artist Tom Waits has provided a superb soundtrack, with vocal accompaniment from Crystal Gayle. Their music is the perfect backdrop to Frannie and Hank's dreary lives, where people change their hairstyles in the hope of changing themselves. Raul Julia as Ray, Frannie's singer/piano player/waiter fling, turns in an outstanding performance. His Latin seduc-

tion scene, with its hysterically corny mambo "mood music," is one of the film's highlights. Lainie Kazan and Harry Dean Stanton are funny and touching as Frannie and Hank's friends who find one another through their friends' misfortune. Unfortunately, though, Nastassia Kinski's role (no fault of her own) is easily the shallowest and least effective of all. Even Kinski's greatest asset, her beauty, is never fully exploited. Like Julia, Kinski's Leila, a circus performer/striptease artist, is merely an exotic oddity, both interesting targets for our heroes' straying.

Photographer Vittorio Storaro (also with Coppola for *Apocalypse*) has used every trick to delight the eyes with gorgeous colors and dazzling cinema. Every scene has a surrealistic touch to it, from cartoon moon and stars to a Las Vegas strip that's just too bright and too real. It's a story about real people in a real town, yet somehow it comes out feeling like a wonderful fantasy, a romance that captures the lives of eminently forgettable people and makes us want to remember them.

Eric Flaum

Personal Best

starring Mariel Hemingway, Patrice Donnelly, Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; written, produced and directed by Robert Towne

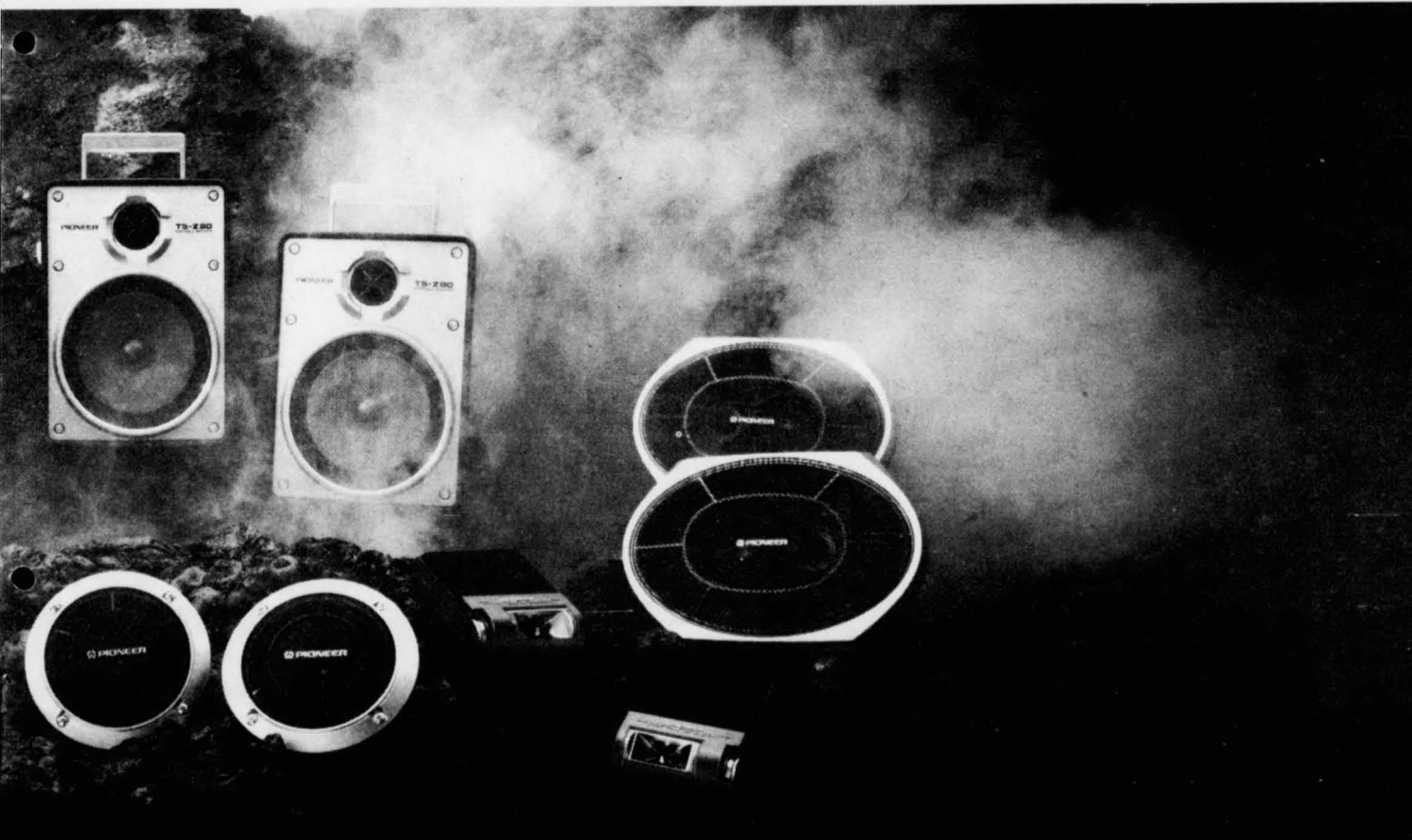
Two track athletes meet at the 1976 Olympic trials and literally run off together. Over the next four years they are variously lovers and rivals, finally reconciling as friends during the 1980 Olympic trials. Standard sports melodrama, except for a modern twist: the athletes are women.

For his directorial debut, Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*, *The Last Detail*) has coincidentally touched on two themes-of-the-year: track (cf. *Chariots of Fire*) and homosexuality (*Making Love* and the upcoming *Partners*). Nonetheless, the film breaks new ground for American movies, both in its celebration of strong, muscular women athletes, and in its unflinching portrayal of a lesbian relationship.

Towne handles that relationship — between pentathletes Chris Cahill (Hemingway) and Tory Skinner (Donnelly) — with a sensitivity and psychological precision that avoid stereotypes. He's also on target with the athletes' complexly motivated and motivating coach (Glenn, remembered as the sexy and dangerous Wes Hightower in *Urban Cowboy*), and with Hemingway's heterosexual love interest, played by *Sports Illustrated* writer Kenny Moore. Hemingway is convincing and ingratiating, if a bit whiny, but Donnelly (a former hurdler who had never acted) and Glenn set off the most sparks with their intense, edgy performances.

But despite the stirring sports action and Towne's telling dialogue and characterizations, something's missing in *Personal Best*. Most of the problems probably involve first-outing jitters — flatfooted cutting, lines topheavy with Meaning, and especially a lack of background on the main characters. Unlike *Chariots of Fire*, which was consumed with motivation, *Personal Best* leaves us wondering why these

(Continued on page 15)



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ON DISC

DAVID BYRNE
Songs from the Broadway
Production of The Catherine Wheel

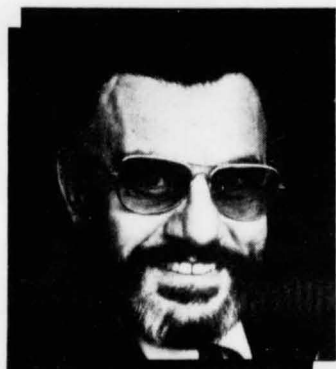
(SIRE) David Byrne's sometimes stark, sometimes sonorous compositions for modern-dance maven Twyla Tharp's *Catherine Wheel* project represent a logical extension for the head Talking Head's recorded work to date. At various times on this ambitious effort, Byrne recalls the wired-tight anxiety of his early Heads songs, the strident Afro-rock rhythms of *Fear of Music* and *Remain in the Light* and the spacey minimalist doodling that mark his many collaborations with Brian Eno. (Eno, along with Heads keyboardist Jerry Harrison, guitarist Adrian Belew and percussionist John Chernoff, are the core of Byrne's *Catherine Wheel* ensemble.) A handful of tunes here feature the wailing, worried trademark Byrne warble: "His Wife Refused," probably the LP's most Talking Heads-ish track; the emphatic, repetitive "What a Day That Was"; "Big Business," with its "fierce and high" and "galloping" guitars (Byrne's liner note descriptions); and "Big Blue Plymouth (Eyes Wide Open)." Others are rich, aural abstracts: the Byrne/Eno piece, "Two Soldiers"; "The Red House" and the ethereal "Light Bath." Through it all, *Catherine Wheel* resonates with fast, fluid movements and an almost sensual ambience. There's a vibrant sense of the physical at play here, a physicality that Byrne explores with wit and intelligence.

Steven X. Rea

JOHNNY OTIS
The New Johnny Otis Show

(ALLIGATOR) If the history of rock & roll is the blending of white and black styles (and it is), then Johnny Otis is one of its greatest exemplars. The son of Greek immigrants, he grew up in the black ghetto of Berkeley, California and went on to lead a mostly black swing band at the Club Alabam in Watts in the late Forties. His 1958 hit, "Willie and the Hand Jive," is as much a favorite of musicians (Eric Clapton is one of many who've covered it) as his moody late Forties waxing, "Harlem Nocturne," is of choreographers and striptease dancers. Anchored with a cross of Bo Diddley and cha-cha rhythms, "Willie and the Hand Jive" is still a treat — either a nonsensical rebellion song or a rebellious nonsense song, it's hard to say which.

The *New Johnny Otis Show*, from Chicago's independent Alligator label,



echoes the old days when Otis led a band and a passel of eager young singers in a touring revue.

Kicking off with the New Orleans warhorse "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee," Otis fades the tune out with some characters talking about merging their loose change for loose wine. One thinks he spies a dime on the pavement; "That ain't no dime, man, that's spit," instructs his companion. After this rhythmic silliness, guest vocalist Charles Williams makes it lovely with a version of "Every Beat of My Heart," Otis backing him on the vibraphone. Then comedy returns with "Jonella and Jack," a war-of-the-sexes duet backed by a vamp similar to that on Otis Redding and Carla Thomas' "Tramp." Jack says he plans to leave Jonella, citing her "evil right cross" and her big feet that deliver a kick "like a Clydesdale horse." Jonella hips Jack that he isn't going anywhere, and that he'd better "Pay some attention/ To all that I mention/ Cause boy, I'll snatch you right outta your shoes!"

All the tracks, which were recorded in May of 1981, have a live feel to them — skillfully, but not painstakingly laid down; witty, but loose. Worth plenty of note is the guitar playing of Shuggie Otis, Johnny's son by a marriage to a black woman.

Otis *fills* knows several tasty fills, mostly pentatonic and subtle, stylistically somewhere between B.B. King and T-Bone Walker. With all the change-ups of rhythm, song style and vocalist in *The New Johnny Otis Show*, Shuggie Otis' guitar work is the needle and thread that sews together one of the best party-and-blues records in many years.

Byron Laursen

Ocean Drive
Vols. 1-3

(BEACH BEAT RECORDS) The authentic Carolina coastal item is an infectious kind of easygoing soul music that two generations of Southerners have danced and romanced to on their waterfront holidays. It's largely black music and its chief trait is its all-encompassing tolerance rather than its exclusivity. As featured on *Ocean Drive*, beach music includes everything from rutting Fifties rockers (Joe Turner's "Wee Baby Blues") to early Sixties pop cookers (Doris Troy's "Just One Look") to the subtle soul of "Ms. Grace" by the Tymes (1974). The common characteristic is an inviting, loping gait that seems to pop up in most of these tracks; relaxation and unrushed energy seem to be the keys.

Since the beach music scene is a phenomenon unto itself, it has built its own traditions, sired its own stars and charted its own hits. Some of them you'll recognize instantly — Vol. I features the Drifters' "Up on the Roof" and the Trammps' "Hold Back the Night" among others; Vol. II offers Bruce Channel's "Hey Baby" and the O'Kaysions' "Girl Watcher" while Vol. III includes Mary Wells' "My Guy" and Archie Bell's "I Can't Stop Dancing."

But the series' real joy is that it presents plenty of opportunities for discovery. Edwin Starr's incredibly "up" "S.O.S." and William Bell & Judy Clay's "Private Number" turn up on Vol. III, and Vol. II gives us the chance to hear Arthur Alexander's original "Anna," covered by the Beatles on their Veejay lp. And, as the TV mail order ads say,

there's more, much more.

Whether for a cost-efficient way to corral several solid R&B hits in one place, or discovering lost gems from a regional music scene remarkable for its vitality and variety, *Ocean Drive* is a great avenue. You can cruise past or park, meet old friends or make new ones. There's always something going on down there.

Gene Sculatti

ABBA
The Visitors

(ATLANTIC) Times must be getting hard if even a band like Abba, the heretofore-carefree Swedish pop rockers, releases an LP of heavy sentiments. Yet that's what the foursome's new album, *The Visitors*, apparently is meant to be: a serious look at broken romances, parental guilt and other less-than-upbeat themes. There's a bit

tersweet taste to Abba's current brand of bubblegum here.

"The Winner Takes It All," the group's fatalistic single of last year, was the tip-off that Abba was changing direction. Building its remarkable international success upon joyous hits like "Waterloo" and "Dancing Queen," the Scandinavian quartet in the past excelled in creating sugary but irresistibly catchy pop songs. Critics disdained their lightweight lyrics and cheerful manner, but the public world-wide responded to Abba's easy appeal again and again.

The Visitors is something else again. The title track is a slice of modern-day paranoia set to a chilly synthesizer line, kicking off the LP in a disquieting manner. A sombre tone likewise is found in "Soldiers" (a look at impending war) and "One of Us" (a self-condemning lament). The melodies for most of the songs are moody Europop pieces, huffing and puffing to

a singsong beat that's more unsettling than infectious. Abba has taken its trademark style and reworked it into dark, oversentimental cabaret music, full of regret and foreboding.

When they were an effervescent capitalist group, Abba could be appreciated as good clean fun, if nothing more. *The Visitors* doesn't offer any such quick highs, yet fails to entertain on a more intellectual level.

Barry Alfonso

JOAN JETT
I Love Rock n' Roll

(BOARDWALK RECORDS) Power chords attack us right off the bat and then, enter *The Tough Attitude* — a must accessory for any heavy rocker worth his or her salt. The title track is reminiscent of Leslie West and Mountain, a heavy metal pop band from the

ON TOUR

Joan Armatrading

WARFIELD THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO

JUST outside the Warfield the main drag was jammed with a frenetic scene: cars paraded up and down, horns blared, passengers leaned out flashing "We're Number One" signs while pedestrians swarmed onto the street to contribute their own whooping and hollering in celebration of the San Francisco Forty-Niners' Super Bowl victory that afternoon.

Inside the classy, old-fashioned Warfield, the atmosphere was equally festive, but for a different reason. Joan Armatrading, the vital West Indies-born British singer-songwriter, was providing the audience a stirring, stunning 85-minute set.

Armatrading, dressed head to toe in white, opened the show just like the new record: simple, heavy synthesizer lines gathered attention to frame the singer chanting "I'm lucky, I'm lucky..." From "I'm Lucky" she and her backing band moved into "Down to Zero," then "I Wanna Hold You" and "Rosie."

While the set emphasized songs from *Ladders*, Armatrading drew from all stages of her career, which, ultimately, was both a blessing and a curse. This range of material afforded an opportunity to trace her steady progress as a songwriter; it also lent considerable musical diversity to the proceedings — a jazz-tinged passage here, some folk-based tenderness there, mixed in with the Jamaican strains and snappy rock she currently favors.

But a few times the blend of styles chipped away at the cohesion and pacing of the performance, particularly toward the end when Joan, playing acoustic guitar, and her superb band — guitarist Gary Sanford, bass and Stick player Jeremy Meeks, keyboardist Dean Kluzate, drummer Justin Hilbreth, multi-instrumentalist Julian Diggle — locked into a long, pointless jazzy jam.

However, this was an isolated flaw within a triumphant presentation. Armatrading's vocals were forceful and marvelously expressive, whether belting out a sinewy rocker like "Is it Tomorrow Yet," or crooning the gentle, poignant "The Weakness in Me."

She rendered these and other numbers with sufficient clarity and emotion that even those audience members unfamiliar with some compositions found it easy to connect with her lyrical themes, which can convey vulnerability one moment ("And I need you") and independence the next ("I sit here by myself/And you know I love it") — somehow avoiding a stumble into contradiction. As acutely as any active songwriter, Armatrading understands the quirks of romance and everyday emotions.

Duncan Strauss

Nathan Milstein

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
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One of the most striking phenomena of musical performance in this century has been the dominance of classical violin playing by a handful of Jewish virtuosos who were born and given their early training in Tsarist Russia. But although their influence can still be felt in the playing of some of today's younger violinists (Itzhak Perlman, for one), the masters themselves are now mostly silent; the most famous of these, Jascha Heifetz, is now past 80 and has not played in public for nearly a decade.

Nathan Milstein is the last of this school to hold the concert stage, and he continues to hold it like a vise. At 77, his technique shows little sign of the deterioration that normally besets colleagues who are 15 to 20 years younger, and his phrasings are more thoughtful and elegant than ever. That elegance, coupled with the sheer *joie de vivre* that he brings to his playing, still makes for a unique listening experience.

The highlight of his Academy recital

was Bach's solo Sonata in G minor, which he seemed to dash off with the greatest of ease even while striving to project as many of the mysteries of Bach's musical thought as one man can. I think his interpretation has become subtler and more understanding than even the one included in his prize-winning mid-Seventies album of the Bach solo works. Brahms's D minor sonata, by contrast, gave him the opportunity to show that he is still capable of high drama as well as high musicianship.

After intermission, fireworks. Seemingly effortless renditions of two of Paganini's man-killing Caprices were followed by Milstein's own brilliant reworking of Liszt's thoroughly pianistic *Mephisto Waltz* into a solo-violin showpiece. Two Tchaikovsky pieces closed the program, the *Meditation* providing a bit of repose with a closing high D which seemed to float to infinity before the *Valse-Scherzo* brought it to a rousing finish. There were two encores, by Bach and Liszt and if the audience had had its way there would have been more.

Sol Louis Siegel

Jaco Pastorius

DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION, LA

JACO PASTORIUS' rather formidable reputation (Weather Report, Joni Mitchell) as a bassist and composer preceded him. But no one attending his two-night stand at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion (home of the Los Angeles Philharmonic) was quite prepared for the phenomenally musical performances he generated there. On the first leg of a brief national tour (which included shows in Chicago and NYC) to promote his new Warner Bros. album, *Word of Mouth*, Pastorius gathered a dozen of LA's top studio and jazz men — trumpeters Snooky Young and Chuck Findley, trombonist Bill Reichenbach and reedplayers Marty Krystall and Gene Cipriano among them — in addition to friends from Florida (steel drummer Othello

late Sixties. The story line finds Joan hitting on a younger guy; to celebrate this meeting of the minds they put another dime in the jukebox to celebrate rock n' roll. The song is contagious but easy to hate.

Most of the material on this LP is too heavy handed to be fun. There is no hint of humor or any other emotion displayed in these ten tracks. Even "Nag," a tune that is supposed to be funny, receives Jett's blasé treatment.

There are three remakes on this album. None of them stands up to the original or adds anything to enhance the song or brings out anything worthwhile in Jett's performance. "Crimson and Clover" is a bad rehash. "Bits and Pieces" falls flat on its face, and the pièce de resistance in bad ideas is "Little Drummer Boy"—how's that for a remake? Jett has a very hard time singing this; she can't seem to stay on the melody line.

Donna Ross

Molineaux was a particular standout) and the "Word of Mouth band"—Randy Brecker, trumpet; Bobo Mintzer, reeds; Don Alias, congas, percussion; Peter Erskine, drums; Dave Barger, trombone, tuba; Peter Gordon, French horn—to play a program that was as diverse as it was grandly exciting.

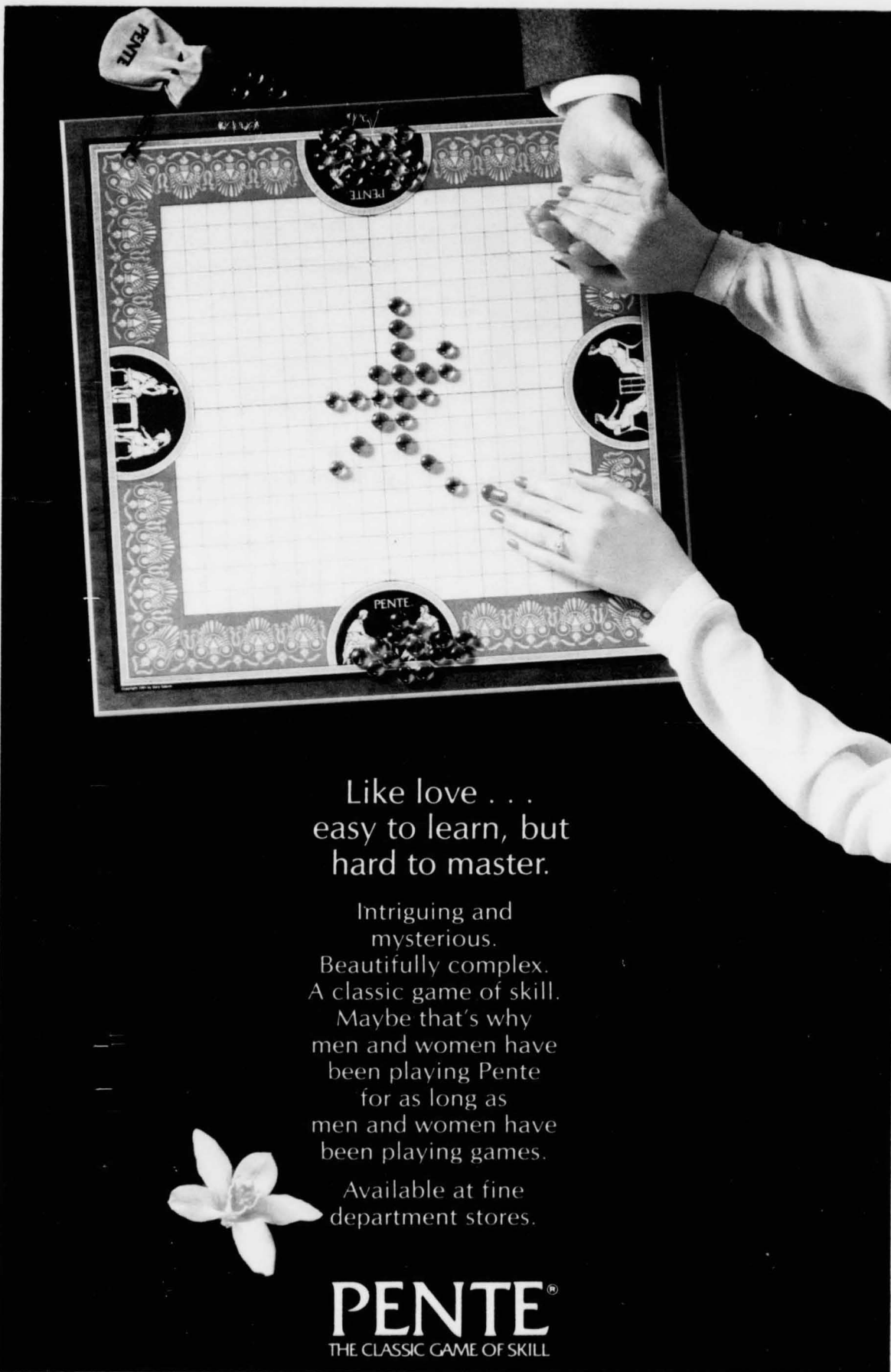
On Monday, "Invitation," the Bronoslav Kaper movie theme that has become a jazz standard, was given a brisk reading, and behind potent solos from Brecker and Mintzer, Pastorius took charge, playing swift, repeating phrases, walking those notes with a high-pitched tone, or playing chorded smears of the melody followed by single ringing notes that stood out like shimmering stars.

The 1945 Miles Davis classic, "Donna Lee," served as the bebop opus of the night. Opening with Barger's multiphonic tuba solo, where he would play one note while simultaneously humming another to produce yet a third tone, the very complex melody was then played by Mintzer (bass clarinet), Brecker, Barger and the leader. Mintzer's solo was exotic, as he had attached a digital delay device which repeated what he had just played in a cascading manner, creating a fuzzy sound as if he were playing underwater.

Perhaps the two pieces from the *Word of Mouth* album—"Liberty City" and "Three Views of a Secret"—best indicated Pastorius' promise as a composer and arranger. "City" is a cousin of "Teen Town," a number featured with Weather Report, a zippy little tune that builds and builds, with melody lines from the full band interweaving splendidly. During the shout chorus, the whole ensemble rocked, filling the 3000-seat hall with wave after wave of bright orchestral sound, achieving a Basie-like glow.

Pastorius closed with "Fannie Mae," recalling the days he spent on the rock circuit with Wayne Cochran and the C.C. Riders. Though his vocal wasn't strong, it was delivered with the same bubbling spirit that had made the concert spectacular.

Zan Stewart



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OFF THE WALL

BY DALE WHITE

A fat lady with her dog stands in front of the Evanshire Drug Store, chatting with a gentleman who has just purchased cigarettes and a newspaper. She glances down the block at the opening of an alley, from which has emerged a little boy, heavily bundled in a cap and coat.

"Here comes that Wilson boy—all alone as usual," she comments.

Although the little Wilson boy appears to be quite alone to her, around him are all kinds of lurid creatures of his imagination—a cloaked ghoul, a prehistoric bird, a mammoth monster with tentacle legs. They saunter along like faithful puppies.

The fat lady, the drug store, the man with the cigarettes, the boy and his imaginary creatures are all parts of a Gahan Wilson cartoon, one of the numerous drawings in his 1978 collection *And Then We'll Get Him*.

What makes the picture so frighteningly funny is its element of truth. Wilson, 52, grew up in Evanston, Ill. (not quite Evanshire, but close)—and although he was not truly considered to be an odd fellow, he did seclude himself (with the assistance of his trusty pen) in a world of demonic and hideous creatures.

A painter rendering a tree on his canvas with an assortment of non-existent spiders and serpents in another of his comics tells a little girl, "I paint what I see, child."

And that's exactly what Gahan Wilson does. His sense of humor is amazingly perverse, shiveringly morbid. He finds something to laugh about in all sorts of wicked and uncommon things: hospital patients connected to I.V.s, hanging judges, mad scientists, fallen angels, emotionless business executives, man-eating plants.

"Well, I always wanted to be a cartoonist," Wilson says. His voice on the telephone is deep, even and precise—rather like Vincent Price's. "Forever and ever. At my mom's place recently she came across something that I once did. It was a comic book with stuff similar to what I do now—monsters, rockets, that sort of thing. There were balloons over the characters' heads. And instead of words in the balloons there were just scrawls. It was sort of pre-literate. I tried commercial schools but I found them to be very superficial. I wanted someone to teach me to draw as well as I could. I knew no one could teach me to be funny. I was the only cartoonist who was admitted at the Institute (Art Institute of Chicago) at that time (1948-1952). Whenever someone came in requesting a cartoonist, they sent him to me. Now I've heard the whole place has gone to hell and they've even got a cartoonists' course in the curriculum."

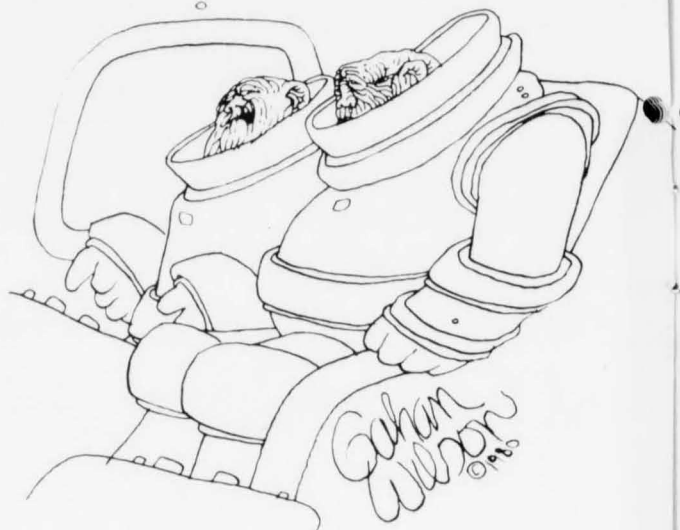
Although he is tall, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, Wilson suspects the public pictures him as "little, wrinkled and green... Or they think I'm English and evil, a Dr. Moriarty. That's okay with me. In time, I'll probably turn into that."

A descendant of P. T. Barnum and William Jennings Bryan, Wilson insists he "was not born, although people keep asking me that. I always tell them, I was constructed during the 12th century by a mad scientist, and sent forward in time and placed in the body of a cartoonist."

Actually, Wilson was stillborn. "They were about ready to drop me and forget the whole thing when the G.P. rushed in and dipped me in hot and



"I just don't understand it, Captain. Equal shares of food and water to all, yet those two thrive while we wither away."



"Well, it won't be long, now!"

Wierd & Wonderful

Gahan Wilson



"You fool! there's no more of me! That's it! I'm the last of my species!"

iced water alternately and kept whacking away at me and got me breathing," Wilson explains. "There must have been brain damage."

A devotee of Carl Jung, Wilson believes there is little difference between existing and imaginary monsters. He considers fast food stores and self-service gas stations parts of "a massive plot to prepare us to live on space ships." He says he has "no idea" why nobody has sent him to a psychiatrist and happily disclaims rumors that he spends two months each year in a psychiatric ward.

But why is he so—different?

"I don't know what to say."

Well, then—what led to his style of comic art?

"I don't know what to say. Dick Tracy impressed me when I was a child. I never could figure out how that cartoonist did it. Those faces were just scrawls but he could get such expression out of those scrawls. It's the best comic strip that ever happened. In the movies, W. C. Fields. In fine arts, Goya. It's an endless list."

Isn't his humor close to that of Charles Addams?

"We're coming from the same area. Addams was more influenced by the movies of Karloff and Lugosi, because of the Sixties we're pooled together. I was influenced by Frankenstein and Dracula also—but more often, most of my material comes from TV news. The news itself is so grotesque and bizarre. It gives me material that is much more productive, stimulating."

His humor also has been compared to that of Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain and Woody Allen—and such diverse publications as *Playboy*, *The New York Times*, *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *New Yorker*, *Collier's*, *Look*, *Punch*, *Esquire*, *Paris Match*, *Audubon* and *Gourmet* call on him to add a little life (if that is the correct word) to their pages.

"When I started out I had a lot of trouble. Editors thought my stuff was funny and they'd laugh. But they'd say that their readers wouldn't understand it. There are still some old stuffy magazines that won't buy it. But most publications respect their readers' intelligence more now and I'm able to give it my best shot... I keep in mind the intended magazine before drawing something because each one's different. Each one has a different voice and a different way of life. *The New York Times* has a certain image and then *Playboy* has another image. Like when I do something for *National Lampoon*, I make sure it's in bad taste."

He drew a daily newspaper strip "for a brief time. It was a sort of comic page. I got into editing it myself too. But I kept softening it up so I wouldn't offend all the little old ladies and I wrecked it. I got tired of doing a continuing thing every day and having to watch the thing."

His books include *Gahan Wilson's Graveyard Manner*, *The Man in the Cannibal Pot*, *I Paint What I See*, *The*

Weird World of Gahan Wilson, *First World Fantasy Collection Anthology*, *Nuts*, and his latest, *Is Nothing Sacred?* He has written several volumes for children, such as *Harry, the Fat Bear Spy*, *The Bang Bang Family*, and *Harry and the Sea Serpent*.

"I've been getting into short stories. I'm in radio too. I do a regular commentary, sort of like Alfred Hitchcock, on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*."

His comic "Nuts," in which he explores common childhood fears, appears each month in *National Lampoon*. "Not all of them are drawn with my childhood in mind—but a good many. I find that it's much stronger than I think at times. At a coffee or a lecture somebody will pull me aside and ask me 'How did you know' about that very secret thing he did as a boy. I've discovered that we all went through amazingly the same things as children. And it's very touching to me. Everybody's stuffed a ruined T-shirt in a drawer, thinking his mom wouldn't find it. And every kid in history thinks he's the first to do it."

Wilson's gags must be approved by a final authority before they meet the public's eye. "The only person whose opinion I value is my wife, Nancy Winters, the novelist (*The Girl on the Coca-Cola Tray*, *Daddy*). She's a very good editor and has a good sense of humor. I'll give one to her routinely and if she says it's not funny I listen to her and ignore the idea. She's a swell writer. We both work all the time. We don't have regular jobs. We have our own jobs. We're our own supervisors so I think we work harder than people who work at regular jobs. We get up at 9:30 at the latest, take a half-hour break for lunch, and then get back to it until about 5 or 5:30. Actually, calling it work is not honest because we enjoy what we do so much. We have a little joke in the morning where we kiss each other good-bye and wish the other a good day at the office—before retreating into our separate rooms."

Then Wilson sits alone in his studio in front of his blank drawing board. The imaginary creatures surface once again and the cartoonist starts to draw what he sees.

Good friends stand up for you when you need them.



Phone calls got you nowhere, but this should get her attention. A mission requiring split-second timing, perfect planning and most importantly, some surefooted, stand-up guys.

When you come down to earth, spring for something special.

Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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Summer Sneakers

Hot Air Ballooning — The Last Travel Frontier

BY BUDDY BASCH

In our highly mobile society, most American students have toured this country (and overseas) by plane, train, car or bus. Some have traveled by bicycle, motorcycle, mule, horseback or gone via skateboard, tram, surfboard or the original way — on foot. Very few, however, have had the fun and excitement of a hot air balloon ride, a sport that's becoming increasingly popular. Owning a balloon and its gear isn't

cheap, but flights in them at fairs, meetings and balloon rallies are relatively inexpensive, considering the unique excitement they provide. There is literally nothing like soaring among the clouds.

Ballooning is different for several reasons: speed or direction cannot be controlled; the wind decides that. Wind direction determines landing sites, and there is obviously no steering apparatus or brake. There's also no noise (except the gas burner's comforting sound) and, since balloons move at the wind's speed, there's no breeze and very little feeling of motion.

Our initial experience was at the Great Wisconsin Dells (Wis.) Hot Air Balloon Rally. We arrived at the field at 6 a.m. Balloons were lying on the ground, burners were lit and huge fans were forcing hot air into the balloons, which were already hitched to gondolas. The bags filled with hot air and rose slightly, tugging gently at the gondolas.

Pilot Ray Johnson, an Illinois state transportation official, an expert balloonist and a fixed wing pilot, received permission from a rally official and motioned me into the gondola. It being upright, this entailed something like leaping over a four-foot fence. Johnson and his co-pilot friend followed me in and Johnson turned on the propane burner and adjusted the mixture. We started

what I thought was our ascent, but the gondola tipped over, piling Ray, his friend, my photo equipment and me on the cold Wisconsin Dells dirt in a heap.

Onlookers from other teams rushed over and righted the gondola, because laughter had rendered us unable to help. "Not enough juice," muttered Ray. "Hang on, this time we're going!" The heat blast reflected down and I was glad I'd put on the motorcycle helmet given me earlier. Then came a funny sensation—not like the effect of going up in an elevator, an airplane, escalator or swing, but the feeling that I was remaining still and the ground was falling away from me.

We quickly gained an altitude of 500 feet. The only instruments on board indicated fuel, altitude and direction. Our speed increased to about 50 miles an hour and Johnson explained the two ways balloonists can slow down: bump gently on the ground or bang along the treetops. He did the first, after showing me how to brace myself. It felt like I'd jumped off a four- or five-foot ladder. He hit the ground, immediately increasing the gas and rising. Then he started banging treetops: too high and we wouldn't slow down, but too low could be disastrous if we got caught in the treetops and the gondola tipped. It's worth mentioning here that no one wears parachutes. They wouldn't help, as we were too low to allow them to open properly.

After about twenty minutes aloft, Johnson said we were getting low on gas and asked us to look for a level field. I pointed to one about a thousand feet ahead. The wind shifted and Johnson sighed, "We'll never get near it. We need one ahead, a little to the right—about one or two o'clock." We spotted another area and Johnson turned down the gas jet. Suddenly an unnoticed power line loomed up just ahead. Johnson hastily cranked the gas way up and we did a motion like jumping over the line, all agreeing we hardly wanted to land on it!

Gas was getting quite low and Johnson looked a bit worried. "We should find a landing spot quickly," he said, emphasizing the last word. He grabbed the radio. "I'm near a big swampy field, just north of a railroad crossing with a pond on the right. The farmhouse is white with a red roof on a dirt road. No more transmissions. Out!"

The field looked as though it was under water. "Can't help that. Brace yourself for the landing," I grabbed the two nearest ropes, squatted slightly and we bumped down surprisingly softly, right on the edge of a bog with almost no fuel left. "Get out before the bag collapses," shouted Johnson. We jumped onto damp ground, feeling as though we had "sea legs," a sensation which lasted only a few minutes.

A farmer ran over, surprised at the way visitors had arrived on his land. He was pleasant enough, inquiring about equipment, how we happened to choose his field, how hard it was to fly, etc. (Most U.S. states have a "Welcome Trespasser" law which says, in effect, one cannot be prosecuted for trespassing, because you have no control of where you land, but you are responsible for any damages caused by your landing.)

Little more than five minutes later the "chase car" arrived, we all lifted the gondola onto the trailer attached to the station wagon, removed the burner unit, folded up the balloon and tied everything down securely.

On the way back to the starting field there were refreshments from the beautifully-equipped wagon's refrigerator. There were also comments about our flight, seemingly-exaggerated tales of

earlier flights (probably for this novice's benefit, judging by the smiles) and anecdotes about other balloonists. It was all in fun—which is precisely the way one could describe the entire exhilarating experience.

There are so many balloon rallies and clubs, as well as other special events, it would be impossible to list them or to quote prices for participating. It's fair to assume that approximately \$20-\$50 (depending on length, location, fuel cost and other factors) would be an appropriate charge for an ascent. Interested readers should contact their state's Department of Transportation or Aviation, Civil Air Patrol, the Public Library or the Public Affairs Section at your closest airport.

North to Alaska

BY DON ROBERTS

The most primeval path in America heads north. Wisdom from the simplest waterfowl dictates the direction... turn right at the blue Pacific and keep pounding pavement until the neon glow of civilization fades into mountain darkness. Immediately west of Anchorage and north of Fairbanks the ardent nomad will discover a corner of continent coolly uncivilized by roads—one vast vault of wilderness. Wilderness and nothing but...

Alaska... it's more accessible than you think. However, getting there is more than half the problem and way more than half the expense. But it is a misconception that you must sacrifice your entire net worth, plus violate unguarded piggy banks, just to secure passage to Jack London-land. Whether travelling by land, sea or sky, your brain (not your life savings) will get you farther north, more miles-per-wile, than the most footloose statesider would imagine.

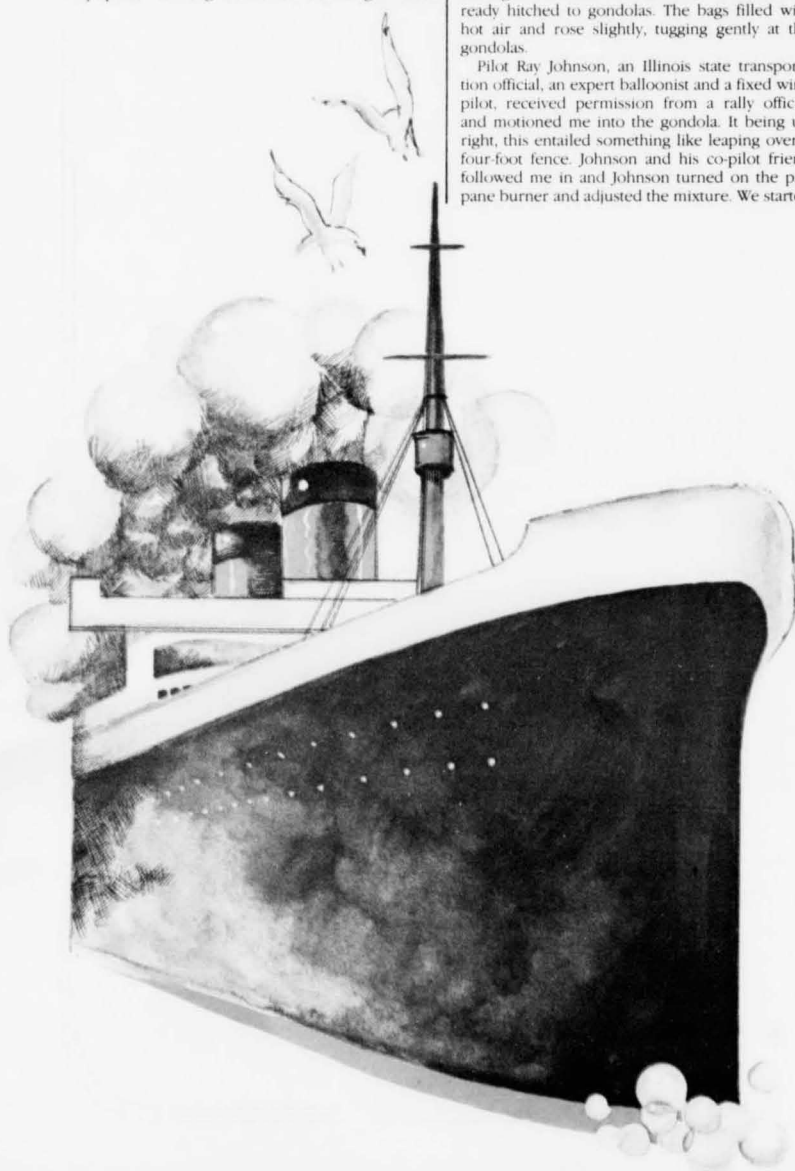
Not All Can Alcan

The Alaska-Canadian highway is hard in more ways than one. Nearly all of the Canadian portion of this timbered thoroughfare is gravel-surfaced and in some places barely surfaced at all. The dust is so overwhelming that it is illegal to drive without your headlights blazing and even then cars are often swallowed up like the victims in a B-grade sci-fi flick. Any vehicle which is not sealed as tightly as an Egyptian tomb soon acquires the interior of a can of Calumet, while the shrapnel-like gravel gnaws the exterior and chews steel-belted radials as if they were Hubba-Bubba.

But don't let these practicalities numb your Nikes. The meandering mercenary who is motivated may harness some cheap, possibly free, horse power. The tactic is prosaic but not altogether artless. Simply run a classified ad in the Portland, Seattle, or Vancouver (B.C.) newspaper offering to help with the task of driving to Alaska. Timing and not a little luck will make the difference between wheeling 'n dealing or just spinning your wheels.

High Planes Drifter

By winging it to Alaska on Wien or Western Airlines you can leave home in the morning and ogle a moose on the muskeg by late that after-





"Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to tour!"

noon. But sky travel has lofty disadvantages: 1) you can't get there on pop-bottle refunds and 2) you miss a lot of country, a sense of the scope of the continent, when soaring over the planet at 40,000 feet. Obviously it is necessary to hug the stratosphere to avoid bumping the landscape, but the ticket can be brought down to earth.

If you join a group you may capitalize on tour rates — 25% to 35% less damage than individual fares. By remaining with the flock, you may also receive considerable discounts on lodging, overland transportation and even grits. For the self-starter there is one other scam ripe for the squeeze. Most airlines (depending upon the rules of the specific carrier) will absorb the bill for any cowboy capable of mustering a herd of 15-40 simultaneous passengers.

Camaraderie also allows the cost effective hiring of a bush plane, the most common mode of "mush" in modern Alaska. Float plane fees average about 120 clams on hour, but these sturdy craft will haul four passengers and enough camping gear to establish an incorporated town. Split four ways, a relatively ambitious flight may be financed for mere bird seed.

Sea Alaska

Since Alaska has more coastline than the rest of the United States combined, the Alaska Marine Highway system is as natural to the north as sordidough pancakes. Nine vessels comprise the fleet and although these ferries do not feature the opulence of *Love Boat*, they are the most snazzy and snug "busses" in Alaska. While private staterooms can be reserved in advance, both the dorm and deck rates better accommodate the pilgrim on a pittance.

Ferry passage costs a quarter of the simoleon required for air travel and it is twice as educational, not to mention the immeasurable entertainment factor. During the off-season, which is most of the year (September to June), you can well afford the fjords. Tickets on the Alaska Marine Highway are never cheaper and one may elect to extensively sail the "inside" with the express purpose of floating into scenic delirium — including whale in their favorite wallows and the most extraordinary mountains-meeting-sea on the globe.

To gain access to parlors of jutting ice and the satin hysteria of a thousand waterfalls, write to the Alaska Marine Highway, Pouch R, Juneau, Alaska 99811.

Beating Around the Bush

There is too much wilderness in Alaska, both designated and undesignated, upon which to merely reflect, much less leave an impression of your Tyrolean hiking boots. Consequently, to become familiar with even a small percentage of the natural wonders you must limit your scope... select the specific geologic decor which focuses in your mind's eye.

The Valley of the Ten Thousand Smokes, a lunar-like landscape created by volcanic tantrums, resides in short-fused harmony within the forested boundaries of Katmai National Monument. Apart from the eerie, ash-filled valleys, this 16,800 square kilometer monument — more than twice the size of Delaware — offers boating on island-studded lakes, countless hiking trails and more wildlife than a Disney feature. Come to Katmai prepared for any barometric extreme from sunshine and skivvies weather to sudden *williwaws*, cold and gusty rainstorms that can blow your socks off with your boot laces tied.

With subtle transfer from fire to ice, Glacier Bay Monument is sanctuary for creeping phantoms of ice. This 13,579 square kilometer park hosts slumbering remnants of the ice age that began 4,000 years ago, including 16 active tidewater glaciers, gouged-out fjords, and bays silently populated with drifting icebergs. Although this area is starkly foreboding, wildlife, particularly sea birds and mammals, abound. The few rugged hiking trails ensure isolation. For those who wish to press muzzle-to-muzzle with deer, moose, bear, foxes, wolves, caribou, and the rare dall sheep, Mt. McKinley National Park is unrivalled. Dominated by a mountain so high (6,194 meters) and massive that it creates its own weather, this broadly based park is divided into separate ecosystems. A limited access scheme guarantees that you may explore any one of these distinct areas and never bounce an eyeball off another soul.

Advice and Ascent

Before blithely treading unfamiliar mountain terrain one must acknowledge the implied dangers. The ignorant and ill-prepared often set themselves up for surplus suffering. Carefully study your routes and destinations in Alaska and always leave a copy of your itinerary with the nearest ranger station or county-mountain before proceeding into the depths of the bush. If anything should go awry they'll start looking long before your bones are unearthed in an archeological dig.

Shape up before shipping out, there is no substitute for a backpack bivouac and taking measure of your lung and leg power. Do not for a moment consider skipping — Spartan is silly. Top dog foul-weather wear, munificent mountain tents, minus-0 sleeping bags, and cushy ground pads are often the only articles keeping the rigor from turning mortis.

Do not under any circumstance leave home without your Foster Grants. The sun ricochets off the ubiquitous waterways and snow-fields with penetrating ferocity and only *polarized* sunglasses will keep your vitreous humor-ous.

EVERYTHING you have heard about the curse of Alaska's militant and mutant mosquitoes is true. But if you dip your dermis in *Muskol* daily you will remain relatively immune to a bloody blitzkrieg.

If you should forget your sunglasses and *Muskol*, first you'll be struck blind, then the "mosies" will slice your hide thinner than corned beef at a New York deli.

No creature on the tundra can inspire terror like the bear, especially *Ursus horribilis* — the grizzly or brown bear. Since visitors to National Parks are not allowed to pack Howitzers, the best safeguard against belligerent bears is intelligent pacifism. Bears are grumpy, near-sighted warlords but they will leave you alone if you do not crowd their territory, holler at them, or wave your arms and act demented. Bears interpret such behavior as aggressive.

Stand still and show bruin your face. The furless human countenance is an awful sight and a natural deterrent. Never turn and run; bears spontaneously chase cowardly critters. Stay placid, even if pale around the gills. Grizz and you will come to a mutual agreement regarding space.

If you desire wilderness lodging but don't quite relish the uncertainties of camping out, then the Forest Service Cabin System may be your cup of comfort. These cabins are located in

two regions of southeastern Alaska — the Prince of Wales Island and the Ketchikan/Revillagigado Island area. Each cabin is splendidly isolated and access is possible only by boat, float plane or trail. Some cabins are situated on the salt chuck, while others reside on streams and mountain tarns.

Forest Service cabins are held by reservation on a first come/first served basis. Reservations are not accepted until the rental-maintenance fee of five frog-skins per night is paid. To keep lulled patrons from home-steading, the limit of stay is seven nights in the summer and ten nights in the winter. The Forest Service has prepared a sleek, 35-page catalog which is free upon request: Forest Supervisor, Tongass National Forest, Box 2278, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901.

Mountain Matriculation

Noted ecologist Eugene Odum once stated that "... there is more information of a higher order of sophistication and complexity in a few square yards of forest than there is in all the libraries of mankind." The dedicated pastoral pupil owes it to himself to study a piece of Alaska — a veritable black hole in the terrestrial Universe.

Making a Travel Guide

BY BARBARA J. ROCHE

When Harvard graduate student Linda Haverly traveled in Europe last summer, she dined on sheep cheeks, a cheaper menu item in Austria, snacked on a marzipan Ronald McDonald, and had a satchel of travel brochures and notes confiscated after a one-and-a-half-hour search when she entered East Berlin. These were some times to try a traveler's soul, but it was all in a summer's work for Linda, one of twenty student researchers contributing to *Let's Go Europe 1982*.

Over a half million student passports are issued each year, and the odds are good that students traveling to Europe will be packing an edition of *Let's Go* along with their passports and student I.D.'s. The *Let's Go* series is the only collection of travel guides written for students by students and updated annually.

Let's Go Europe 1982 covers some 31 countries, including Iceland, the U.S.S.R., Egypt and Tunisia. The guide was researched, written and edited by Harvard students under the auspices of Harvard Student Agencies, a student service organization. From the basement offices off Harvard Yard, student editors work out itineraries.



Student researchers spend the summer in assigned countries, checking accommodations, tourist sights, restaurants and cultural information. The research priority is finding ways to make the trip affordable and interesting. Honesty in reporting is emphasized, and the result is a guide that tells it like it is... even when a city or hotel isn't so hot.

"If a place is cheap, but a little on the dirty side, we'll still mention it," said Rob McCord, student researcher who spent time in Iceland, West Germany, Ireland and Luxembourg. "But" he added, "we also mention that it's not the cleanest place in the world."

"We include these places and let people decide," added Linda Haverly, "because it's usually a relative thing. What one person considers to be a real lousy place, another wouldn't mind."

Let's Go has taken off since the first five-page guide to Harvard University charter flights was stapled together and distributed on the campus in 1957. Twenty-five years later, *Let's Go* is published by St. Martin's Press in six editions, including Europe, U.S.A., and regional editions on Britain and Ireland, France, Italy, and Greece, Israel and Egypt. Over 180,000 copies of the books were sold in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and Japan last year, and one *Let's Go* staffer estimates that each copy is read by an average of five people.

What's the secret?

"Most guides are written more for the fun of reading than to actually be used," McCord said, "... and not incidentally, they're written for a higher expenditure of money."

McCord pointed out two areas where *Let's Go* differs from other travel guides. One, they're paperback newspaper guides made to be taken with you, and two, cost is a constant consideration in the guide's recommendations.

"Unfortunately, we can't just charge things to the company," McCord laughed. "We're constrained by our own budgets, so we have to be looking for the best deals on things."

Unlike other travel guides, where advertisers can pay to be written up favorably, *Let's Go* keeps advertising out of its editorial decisions.

Most of the mail received from readers is favorable, but sometimes there are complaints. A recent letter from two women travellers complained about the lecherous proprietor of an Italian *penstione* that had been recommended by a male researcher.

"One of the changes we've made over the years has been more of a consciousness of women travelling alone," said Assistant Editor of *Let's Go Europe*, Chris Billy.

Other changes revolve around the increased costs of travelling in Europe. The *Let's Go* staff says that it's still possible for the budget-conscious to travel in Europe, despite the fact that travel costs have skyrocketed.

"Europe isn't considered such a 'bargain basement' anymore, but people shouldn't be going there just because it's cheap," said McCord. "When I figure my expenditures, I always think of it as a matter of time spent in a place versus the amount of money I'm spending. I think anyone would prefer to give up a private bathroom if it meant adding another day to your trip. Good planning is the key."

"Now that Europe isn't so cheap, it's important that people determine their style of travel before going over there," advises Haverly, who spent the summer researching in the more expensive Scandinavian countries and Germany.

"Camping is still cheap, even free in most parts of Scandinavia, where *penstions* are expensive. But in Italy, *penstions* are cheaper. If you know how you want to travel, and you're willing to sacrifice some comforts, you can make the trip last longer."

She also recommends Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* as pre-departure reading for young travelers.

Knowing a bit of the language is important, too, says Haverly. "On this trip I sensed more impatience with people who made no effort to speak the language. You'll probably be able to find someone who speaks English, but always ask first, and never assume."

The nature of the publication means that there are always problems, particularly when a country being researched is in a political upheaval. The student researcher in Poland last summer had problems travelling, and postal strikes hindered reports getting back to the States in time for publication. In Rumania, one researcher's report was confiscated at the local post office.

Researchers head for their assigned countries in mid-May, and in July the first reports filter into the HSA offices. The editing and organizing process then begins, and the pace picks up until the frantic week before the publisher's deadline in early September.

"You should have seen it," said one researcher of last summer's preparations. "There were people here around the clock, working, bodies on the floor asleep... it was pretty incredible."

No sooner are the *Let's Go 1982* guides on the bookstore shelves than work begins on *Let's Go 1983*, between term papers and mid-year exams.

Students sometimes have a hard time juggling schoolwork around their *Let's Go* schedules, and the HSA office always has at least one person who must leave to write a paper that's due the next day. But the researcher's position appears to be the perfect summer job. Roundtrip airfare is paid for by HSA, and researchers receive a salary while they're travelling.

Linda Haverly sets the record straight: for all the excitement, there is hard work, frustration, and occasional depression.

"It's really a strenuous job!" she says. "We should have had to lift weights to get in shape for it. I went to Italy for a few weeks before coming back... after all that travelling, I really needed a vacation!"

Carnival in Trinidad

BY DEBORAH LEVIN

Imagine a national newspaper whose headlines read "ETHEL, TUN-TUN IN FIGHT TO finish" or "NO ICE FOR CARNIVAL." Imagine a

television station, the only one for an entire country, broadcasting its carnival events live. And just in case you've missed any of the day's events, the 6 o'clock news is likely to present "highlights" of carnival for the entire 30-minute broadcast. This is at a time when El Salvador is on the verge of exploding, Polish workers call for strikes daily, and... well who knows what else is happening. This is Trinidad and this is carnival. If anything else is going on in the world—who cares?

Trinidad, a nation roughly the size of Delaware, is located 10 miles off the east coast of Venezuela. Sticky hot during the Carnival months, the country looks more like an impoverished South American ghetto than a resort paradise. The capital city of Port-of-Spain, crowded with people, cars and dogs, is host to the second largest street celebration in the world, surpassed only by the Brazilian festival in Rio. Just about all of Trinidad's million-plus people participate; a quarter of them outfit themselves in brilliant costumes, some of which require nearly a year to design and construct. In a country where phones seldom work, roads aren't serviceable, and people are accused of being inherently lazy, Trinidadians suddenly prove they are hard-working, efficient and productive when it comes to something they care about. It takes enormous effort to make a good carnival, and carnival in Trinidad is as good as it gets. No violent incidents were reported in 1981, compared to seven deaths in Rio de Janeiro.

It is the music of "Mas" (Carnival) that makes Trinidad's event unique. It provides rhythm and people play with the energy and enthusiasm that seems like celebrating a victory. Carnival music is planned, rehearsed and labored over. Steel bands—whose members number up to 100—are now among the most successful aspect of the carnival. What started out as banging on garbage pail lids and empty cans has grown into a sophisticated, sensitive sound. Some ensembles bolster their songlists with European classical pieces.

Carnival occurs during the two days before Lent, but the buildup to Mas starts in September when early "fetes" (parties) begin. By December, calypso music replaces all other forms. The first official event planned by the Carnival Development Committee is scheduled by January. On any given night there are dozens of "fetes" going on. It's a 24-hour public orgy that takes place day after day after day... and it's all subsidized by the government!

The Plunk Festival of Sweeney

BY KEITH WALLAN

The sightseer looking for a little extra local flavor in the grand tradition of Iron Age Germany would do well not to miss the quaint *Plunk Festival of Sweeney*.

At the beginning of the festival, which comes ten nights after the last potato of the season has been dug, the children of Sweeney dress up like twigs and rocks, and wake their parents at four in the morning by running into the bedroom with burning brooms held in their mouths.

After the parents have extinguished the brooms with their Oofils, or asbestos quilts, the Breakfast for Plunk may begin. A large pot of Sweetgrunt, or potato pudding, is prepared by the mother while the children stand in the sink balancing firewood on their heads. The father is busy at this time making the traditional Schlapp, or dung wreath, for the family's doorway. When the sweetgrunt is ready it is dumped in a pile on the floor, and the whole family enjoys fighting for all they can stuff in their faces, the same way their ancestors did over a thousand years ago.

When the Sweetgrunt has been finished, the family enters their cellar carrying several gaily decorated Pissaks, or goat bladders, filled with small magnets, old buttons, and bits of string. It is the ancient belief that this mystical combination will give free nose jobs to the Ugly of Sweeney—but only if it is kept in a dark, loud place. Thus,

the family locks the cellar doors and dances in the dark while making fessooops, or loud, deplorable noises.

While the family units are performing the root cellar dance, the bachelors and street scrubbers of Sweeney (all unmarried females over 18 are tradition-bound to be the street scrubbers of Sweeney) begin the Ritual of the Folding Chairs. The ritual of the Folding Chairs was once celebrated as the Arthschilt, or the beheading of the cleft-palate babies, until more civilized Sweeneyites petitioned to have it changed in 1799 to the unfolding and arrangement of Sweeney's impressive collection of folding metal chairs. The tradition-conscious Unmarried Sweeneyites still hold on to the old ways, however, and usually manage to behead some symbolic inanimate object. One year it was the town's civil defense siren. Another time they used forty pounds of black powder to blow the spire off a neighboring village's cathedral.

It is now midday, and time for the Reaffirmation of the Plunk. There is a large stone structure in the middle of the village square which measures ten meters by ten meters at the base, is ten meters high, and has no measurement at the top because nobody ever bothered to get a ladder. This structure is said to contain the Plunk. The entire population of Sweeney dresses like the person next door and forms a triangle around the stones while chanting the time-honored words: "Gat zipher Schtuckinme shurt." Historians have roughly translated this as meaning "My trousers seem to have become entangled in my shirt," but this is a matter of heated debate in academic circles.

When the Reaffirmation of the Plunk is complete, the village runs backward through the streets to a large meadow by the river Oo. They then begin pulling up large handfuls of grass for the construction of the Thing, or thing. The Thing is made up entirely of the wet meadow grasses, and moulded to resemble Jerry Ford's football helmet. The youth of Sweeney are put in charge of guarding the Thing and throwing anyone who means it harm into the nearby river Oo.

The sun is beginning to disappear behind the mountains as the rest of the village leave the youth with the Thing and fill their underclothing with bits of dry tree bark for the Zupidzunt, or uncomfortable walk, back to the village. Once there, they will take their places on the assembled Folding Metal Chairs and spend the night dancing and sucking Schlingers, or oversize pop-sicles of potato schnapps, until they fall down.

Summerfest

BY BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE

It's no secret that Milwaukee, Wisconsin is not considered one of the nation's major music markets, and it isn't—354 days each year. But for eleven days in early summer (twelve in 1982), Milwaukee's beautiful lakefront becomes Summerfest. And Summerfest offers more music, food and fun than any other single place from east coast to west.

Summerfest began in 1967 as a summer festival designed to cool off the hot scene of urban districts that disrupted most large cities in the Sixties. But in the fifteen years that followed, Summerfest has become a not-for-profit civic-sponsored organization and Wisconsin's major summer tourist attraction. The reason for its continuing popularity is simple: it offers eight stages of musical talent (plus a children's stage) for twelve hours every day of the event, all going consecutively. It also offers food served up by some of Milwaukee's finer restaurants (not mere fair food), as well as Mr. Summerfest, weight-lifting contests, fishing contests, a children's art contest, and enough non-musical activities to amuse everyone, from children through senior citizens.

Most Milwaukeeans consider Summerfest to be the most important event of their summer season (800,000 people passed through its gates during its run in 1981). For one thing, it is amazingly in-

expensive. The \$5 gate admission fee entitles the fairgoer to enter the manicured grounds and enjoy a choice of musical entertainment with no additional charge. (Of course, food and other concessions are not included.)

The Summerfest grounds are more like a garden than a fairground—minimal cement, maximum greenery. A cool evening breeze drifts off Lake Michigan. You may decide to start the evening with some quieter, acoustic music, so you head for the TV-6 sponsored Folk Stage, and spend some time listening to national acts like Tom Paxton, Robin & Linda Williams or Gamble Rogers or perhaps Milwaukee-based talent like Bill Camplin, Gil Plotkin or the Early Sisters.

Suddenly you're hungry; a stop at Monreal's, perhaps, for Mexican food, and dessert at Shorewood Village Bakery. Perhaps just a wine cooler with a slice of lemon? You pass by Pabst-sponsored International Stage and catch a few songs from someone like Chubby Checker or Rick Nelson & the Stone Canyon Band.

There is little sound carry-over from the other stages. Eight different music presentations on 50 acres of lakefront land would seem to be excessive, but the engineers who designed the sound systems planned for that, and sound leakage is not a problem.

At the Dance Pavilion, many couples dance to swing music under the cheery, yellow-and-white tent. The bartenders serving at the wine counter are wearing old-fashioned white shirts and arm garters. The Tommy Dorsey Band is playing. One of the nicest things about Summerfest is that it is *not* for young people only. It is the intention of Entertainment Director Bob Babish to provide quality musical entertainment for all ages.

On the Schlitz Country Stage you may be treated to Roseanne Cash and her excellent Nashville band. Time to drink some beer (or wine coolers, if you prefer) and then walk over to the Comedy-Variety Stage and check out comedians like Pat Paulsen and Joe Piscopo (or hear the space rock tunes of Milwaukee's own Snopek).

By now, you want rock & roll. The Rock Stage is at one end of the grounds and the Main Stage (tonight featuring the Marshall Tucker Band) is opposite. Can you see Billy Squier on the Rock Stage and still catch some of the Tucker Band's set? Sure. Just hop on the Sky Glider and get whisked above the grounds, from end to end, for just \$1.

It's pretty crowded at the Tucker show—the Main Stage has a seating capacity of 18,000—but you manage to squeeze in and catch the encores. Over at the Miller Jazz Stage, artists like Pat Metheny cast a low key spell.

General Manager Kris Martinsek feels that the high quality of entertainment, food and vendors will keep Summerfest several quality steps above its imitators. "We're very lucky to have this lakefront," she says, "and we want the Festival to remain in keeping with the original intent. But we will continue to offer safety and beauty, too." Ms. Martinsek turns to the community for their help—for example, when the Dance Pavilion was built in 1981, the Festival asked students at the Milwaukee Trade and Technical Institute to hand-forged the graceful wrought-iron archway crowning its entrance.

In 1982, Summerfest will run from June 24 through July 5 (one extra day because of the July 4th holiday). The entertainment line-up is not confirmed until the beginning of June so that the Festival can get the pick of the current-on-the-road music crop.

"There is nothing like Summerfest," says Festival President Rod Lanser. "Milwaukee is very proud of it. And you have to admit that the price is right. For about 35¢ per listening hour, there is no finer entertainment bargain anywhere."

There is a mailing list for brochures at SUMMERFEST, 200 N. Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-2680). Tickets can be purchased in advance for only \$4, and are \$5 per day at the gate once the festival opens.

Housing and camping information can be obtained by writing the Greater Milwaukee Visitors & Convention Center, 756 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-722).

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 7)

women set out to be world-beating track performers in the first place.

It's not hard to figure out why Towne chose the topic, though. Besides the inherent drama in unexplored, taboo territory, the filmmaker obviously has an aesthetic/erotic attraction to these particular women. It's betrayed by his camera's lavish attention to muscles, by one-too-many crotch shots, and by a comment that Moore's character—in Towne's voice, perhaps?—makes to Hemingway: "What do you think of that?" asks Hemingway warily, after learning Moore knows of her lesbian affair.

"I think we both like great-looking girls," he replies.

Michele Kort

Death Valley

starring Paul Le Mat, Catherine Hicks, Stephen McHattie; written by Richard Rothstein; directed by Dick Richards.

Death Valley is not a bad film; it is four bad films: a boy's view of his parent's divorce, a conflict between technology and cowboy life, a pseudo-psychological study of twins, and a horror movie. *Death Valley* has been backed by the bucks of Universal, has beautiful cinematography and a not unknown cast, but it fails to achieve even the satisfying campiness of a B movie.

Stephen McHattie plays a set of twins who murder people for no particular reason (there is some vague reference to the fact that their father was a goldminer—?). Vagueness whips through the film like a sandstorm, tearing gaping holes in the plot. There is no basis for the previous marriage of Sally (Catherine Hicks), an airhead country girl, to Paul Stanton (Edward Herrman), a college professor. And their son Billy, the protagonist, turns from boy genius discussing electronics to little brat playing cowboy; even though he hates his mother's boyfriend (Paul Le Mat), he seems to want to please them.

Death Valley's only suspense relies on the murders, and the twin(s)' attempt to catch up with Billy; but we don't care about the victims (five slob and slobettes), and there is no reason to chase after Billy since he had no personal interest in the murders. He just wanted to get to the Grand Canyon (they're on vacation, see?). Neither fun, nor campy, nor scary, *Death Valley* is itself a fall down the Grand Canyon: it hits rock bottom.

Jody Eve Grant

Urgh!

with 30 rock groups, produced by Michael White, directed by Derek Burbidge.

Urgh! is to movies what sampler albums are to music: a little taste of many flavors with no garnish, no spicy interviews, no salty social commentary. Just live music, neatly packaged, with minimal production costs.

The groups, in order of appearance (with one song each) are Police, Wall of Voodoo, Toyah Wilcox, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Chelsea, Oingo Boingo, Echo and the Bunnymen, Jools Holland, XTC, Klaus Nomi, Go-Go's, Dead Kennedys, Steel Pulse, Gary Numan, Joan Jett, Magazine, Surf Punks, Au Pairs, Cramps, Invisible Sex, Pere Ubu, Devo, Alley Cats, Gang of Four, 999, Fleshtones, X, Skafish, UB40, and Police again. Much of the music is simple-minded, some simply awful, with an occasionally fascinating group that stays in the mind long after the movie ends: Klaus Nomi is outrageous, in white face, black lipstick, patent leather tuxedo and bombastic falsetto. My personal favorite. The Cramps, alas, are just ludicrous; the most interesting thing about their performance is wondering whether singer Lux Interior will lose his pants or gag on the microphone.

Unlike most films, *Urgh!* has a practical function: for those who have not yet embraced this

music, *Urgh!* lets them decide which artists they never want to see again, and which ones they'll pursue further.

And besides, it's relatively painless fun; just when I was ready to heave my seat (or my guts) at the screen, along came another group to distract, amuse, enrage or impress.

Judith Sims

Tag

starring Robert Carradine and Linda Hamilton, and introducing Bruce Abbott. Written and directed by Nick Castle.

A group of UCLA students embark on another round of extermination by rubber dart. Predictably, one student cracks under the pressure to win the popular campus assassination game and becomes a real murderer—a music major with a cache of decaying bodies in his dorm room. Left at that, *TAG* would be a passable movie of the week, but writer-director Castle adds depth, playing the drama against some very funny material. Hamilton plays a jaded but not yet cynical Beverly Hills cupcake who tries hard to be torchy, practicing steamy stares meant to fry male circuitry. And she succeeds! She is a Chandler female, confounding, pneumatic and vulnerable. Carradine is appealingly awkward with an occasionally stiff delivery.

The fun is that the characterizations aren't taken too seriously. From the game director, who fancies himself a G-man; to the campus news editor, a downy cherub as crusty as Walter Matthau, the laughs are there. Castle does miss on a few minor points. There apparently is not a locked door on the whole of the UCLA campus, a glaring assumption in this security-conscious time. Also, the students have a curious penchant for tossing textbooks into hedges when they are finished with them. His major offense, however, is the romantic clench following the murderer's grisly death. They find it arousing? Better they should hug each other in relief. But despite occasional awkwardness, the film is entertaining, truly suspenseful, genuinely funny.

Darlene Guldner

Missing

starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek; written by Costa-Gavras and Donald Stewart; directed by Costa-Gavras.

Costa-Gavras' previous political films—*Z*, *Special Section* and *Stage of Siege*—combine the rage and commitment of his political point of view with the wham-bam technique of a cinematic thriller. These three films almost created a genre of their own, based in fact but executed like fiction.

Missing, like these earlier films, is based on a true story: as a result of the U.S. CIA's involvement in the 1973 assassination of Chile's Marxist president Allende and the subsequent military coup, an American citizen was killed; his father sued the U.S. government for complicity in his son's death, but the suit was eventually thrown out of court. *Missing* deals with the father's search for his son, and his eventual realization of the circumstances of his death.

Lemmon plays the stalwart America-right-or-wrong businessman who travels to the unidentified Latin country to find his son. The son's wife, Sissy Spacek, is, like her husband, a hippie of sorts, estranged from Lemmon. Most of the film is taken up with useless Lemmon-Spacek arguments and their equally useless attempts to find the son/husband—who is, of course, dead, presumably murdered because he was privy to CIA secrets babbled by an agent in a restaurant.

While I readily concede that it's better to see even this relatively timid (compared to Costa-Gavras' previous credits) expose of our shameful Chilean episode than to see nothing at all, *Missing* is still disappointing. It should have been tougher. It should have hit us with a slam, not a dull thud.

Judith Sims

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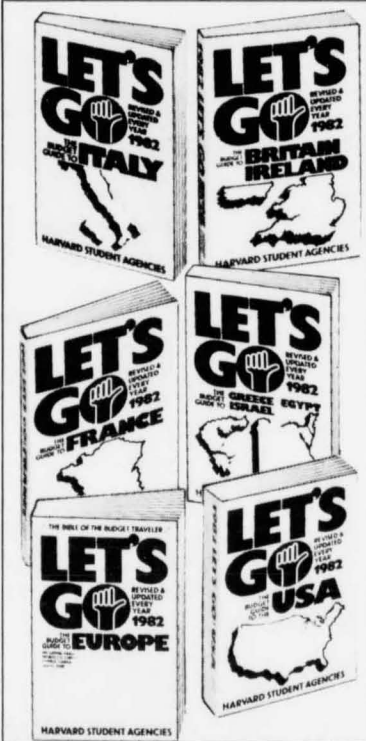
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Director Paul Schrader

cat people

Fifties Horror Classic Mutates Anew

BY STEVEN X. REA

NASTASSIA KINSKI doesn't like what she's been reading about herself lately, particularly the business that began after *Tess* regarding her "uncanny," "eerie" and "remarkable" resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman.

"I really don't look like her at all," insists the 21-year-old Berlin-born actress about the sad-eyed screen star of *Casablanca*, *Spellbound* and *Notorious*.

Still, as she ambles idly through the cold, stoney, Gothic set of a 1901 New Orleans zoo on Stage 27 at Universal Studios, kicking the toe of one penny loafer against the heel of her other, dressed in a simple skirt-and-sweater combo, her hair cropped short and straight, the similarities are hard to ig-

nore. Amidst the zoo's ominous dreamscape of bas-relief animal scenes, giant statues of perched panthers and urine-stained cages with real live baboons and cats nervously pacing within, Nastassia Kinski exudes something of the same quiet, innocent sexuality that became such a box office boon for the Swedish actress in the Forties (but which Nastassia uses to minimal advantage in *One from the Heart*).

And it's that look of innocent sexuality — whether it recalls Ingrid Bergman or not — that is what Nastassia Kinski's character in *Cat People* is all about. Directed by Paul Schrader (*American Gigolo*, *Hardcore*, *Blue Collar*) and co-starring Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, Annette O'Toole and Ruby Dee, *Cat People* draws its inspiration from Val Lewton's 1942 yarn of the same name, a low-budget scariest about a woman (Simone Simon) who could turn herself into a panther. But, as Schrader is quick to point out, his version is anything but a remake. In fact, only one scene — the dark, creepy swimming bath episode — remains from the original.

Kinski is Irena, a bright, lonely girl, an orphan whose family history is shrouded in mystery. She discovers that she has a brother in New Orleans — Paul (McDowell), a minister for some vague pentecostal sect — and travels there to live with him and his housekeeper (Ruby Dee). McDowell, as it turns out, is a cat person with strong sexual urges towards his young sister; John Heard, who plays Oliver, an official at the zoo, falls in love with Nastassia, while Nastassia, attracted to Heard, discovers that she's a cat person as well. The upshot of all this being that the transformation from human to ferocious feline is sparked by sexual desire; the metamorphosis is some sort of symbolic manifestation of a fearsome primeval passion — sex that literally turns man into an animal. As Paul, trying to seduce his virginal sibling, tells Irena: "Each time it happens you tell yourself it's love, but it isn't. It's blood. It's death. And you can't be free from the nightmare, except with me. And I with you. I've waited so long for you."

Pretty silly stuff, all right, but the way

Nastassia Kinski sees it, it's also a disarmingly simple "love story." As she waits between takes for Schrader and cinematographer John Bailey (*American Gigolo*, *Ordinary People*) to work out the moves of an elaborate tracking shot, Kinski leans against one of the empty zoo cages and talks about the sensuality of cats and how humans have a cat-like side to their nature. "This film is really about sexual awakening, and about true love. About bringing out the cat in us all," she says.

As for Schrader — an intensely serious film critic-turned-filmmaker whose worldview has been shaped by a strict Calvinist upbringing and years immersed in the flickering, shadowy recesses of movie theaters — he likes to refer to *Cat People* as his "fun" movie. "Not fun in terms of a movie like *Arthur*," Schrader explains, sitting in his Prowler trailer (the Prowler logo, coincidentally, is a cat), "but fun like a play can be fun. We're not dealing with terribly important issues here — I mean, they are terribly important but we're not making a 'statement' that has to be dealt with."

Schrader confesses that he's not exactly sure how to categorize *Cat People*: "To tell you the truth, I don't quite know what genre I'm working in at this point. Certainly it's not a horror genre because it fulfills none of the needs and has very few of the premises of that. It's not a monster genre because it doesn't intend to work at that level. So, it's more on a level of erotic fantasy, with a few elements of horror and monstrosity thrown in, but not to the extent where they define the movie."

"It's nothing terribly profound," he continues, "it's just an exploration into sexual fantasy. Why these certain images hold sway over us — you know, white horses and black panthers — that Jungian stuff. These images and feelings that seem to be inbred into the race. *Cat People* just has fun playing with those elements."

Some of Schrader's "fun" includes a prologue set in a surreally orange desert that establishes the legend of the cat people via a tribal sacrifice of a 5-year-old girl. Schrader, grinning, calls his opening sequence "a lot of mystical hooey and mumbo jumbo." Then there's the scene where Ed Begley, Jr., who plays one of Heard's zookeepers, starts washing down a panther's cage singing "What's New Pussycat." What's new is that the pussycat's about to have Begley for lunch.

Certainly, *Cat People* is a departure for Schrader. For one thing, it's the first film he's directed that isn't based on his own screenplay. Alan Ormsby (*My Bodyguard*) gets the credit for the *Cat People* writing job, though Schrader reports that the movie he's finishing up is "80 percent or more different than the script I was first handed" (Schrader says that both he and Ormsby handled the rewrites.) As for just being the hired-on director, "Initially it was liberating," he explains,

"because I didn't feel like it was my story or that I was a participant in the film. But as I became more involved in the story and found that in fact I was a participant, I began to rewrite it more. I began to relate to John Heard's character, so I expanded his role tremendously. Now I feel quite proprietary, quite personal about the film in a way I didn't when I began."

Cat People also marks a major departure in style and mood for the filmmaker. Gone is the hyper-psychotic energy that permeated his script of Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*. Gone is the downbeat, dour realism of *Blue Collar*, the languid high-tech tones of *American Gigolo*. Along with cinematographer Bailey and famed production designer Ferdinando Scarfioni (*The Conformist*, *Death in Venice*), Schrader has shaped a rich, illusory vision that resonates like some come-to-life Symbolist painting.

"It's far more non-verbal than anything I've done before," says Schrader. "It is not realistic, it is not street-oriented. It finds its truth in sexual fable and myth and fantasy. It's more magical, more stylized. The narrative is defined within a kind of dream logic."

Scarfioni, who designed the spectacular vine-tangled Victorian zoo and who, according to Schrader, practically authored the opening desert scene and Nastassia Kinski's dream sequence, was in fact essential to Schrader's character concept. "He was in my contract. When I agreed to do the movie I put in a clause saying that if they didn't have him I didn't have to do the movie."

"I don't know what film buffs are going to make of this movie," muses Schrader as he puts on a blue blazer and heads back to the soundstage. "It's going to be very hard for them to make comparisons because there are different characters, different settings, different scenes, a different plot. But the title's the same," he laughs. "All of which is fine by me, since I never had any intention of remaking the original anyway."

Probably because he is one himself, Schrader seems especially concerned with "film buffs" and critics and their various reactions to his efforts. At Universal's Alfred Hitchcock theater, where Schrader was overseeing the dubbing of some last minute scenes, prints of some new matte effects for the desert prologue were screened. Joked Schrader, as he studied the exotic panorama on screen: "Now I have to think of some horrible story for the press. How it took us two long, terrible weeks in Morocco to get this sequence. How the Assistant Director was kidnapped and we were trapped in the mountains by a band of guerilla soldiers."

Whatever the press and the public's reaction to *Cat People*, Schrader is proud of his \$13 million erotic fantasy. "I've used this opportunity to heighten, to improve my ability to tell stories visually rather than literally. And I think I've got a winning hand."

Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell (left) as brother and sister with more than the usual sibling ties....



Am... and

Zydeco King & His Red Hot Louisiana Band Clifton Chenier

BY ART FEIN

Art Fein has been described by the L.A. Times as a "rockabilly activist." Maybe that explains the crazy t-shirt he wears around Hollywood — Free the Tennessee Three.

The story's the same wherever Clifton Chenier & His Red Hot Louisiana Band are playing, but my first encounter with him was at a club frequented by college students, in the hills outside of Santa Cruz, California.

The Club Zayante was alive. The walls were pulsating, and the shadows cast on the steamed-up windows — in summer! — showed packed-in bodies dancing wildly to a strange, heavy-beat, foreign-but-familiar music.

I turned to the guy next to me and said "Who is this?"

He grinned and slapped me on the back like it was a fraternity initiation, removed the beer bottle from his mouth and looked at me like I was the one from Mars and said, "Just the world's greatest rock & roll band, that's all."

I soon realized I had been leading an incomplete life before that night. When I got inside I could hear this sweet *unusual* music better, but I couldn't understand the words. And what was that instrument carrying the melody? I squeezed up front and got the answer: the room was under the control of a gold-toothed black man playing an accordion and singing in French! "We're from Louisiana," he boomed out between songs, "where even the crawfish got soul!"

You don't hear much about rock & roll accordions today. In fact, you never did. In the history of rock & roll no instrument has been as scorned as the lowly squeeze-box.

Put one in the hands of Clifton Chenier, though, and it's obvious that the problem hasn't been the instrument — it's been who's playing it. (Accordions appeared in the bands of Bill Haley in the 1950's, and Gary Lewis & the Playboys in the 1960's but it wasn't until the Seventies that musicians like the Band, Ry Cooder, and Ponty Bone of the Joe Ely band returned a semblance of respect to it.)

When Clifton plays, it's a little of this and a little of that — swamp music, rhythm & blues, country blues, Cajun — all so distinctly Rock & Roll with a capital R that none other than Mick Jagger (of the *other* "world's greatest rock & roll band") recently booked him into Carnegie Hall in New York.

He knew Clifton was great: Jagger has been seen digging Chenier performances in the Watts district of Los Angeles. He figured it was time other people did too.

Clifton was no overnight success. The ennobling hand of Jagger was late in coming.

Clifton Chenier was born in 1925 in Opelousas, Louisiana. His childhood accordion-playing was influenced by his white Cajun neighbors, as well as by pioneering black accordionist Amade Ardoin. Incorporating these sounds with the new, emerging style of rhythm & blues, he was instrumental in developing a new music called Zydeco.

The word, like Cajun, is a simplification like many coined by Louisianans. Cajun is short for "Acadian," the area from which

the Cajuns emigrated. Zydeco is taken from a popular French folk song whose first words were "les haricots."

Musically, Zydeco is French-Cajun American rock & roll and rhythm & blues, sung by blacks. Although its origin is the swamplands of the American south, its popularity extends around the world, and that popularity goes double for Clifton, who bills himself The King of the South and wears a crown to prove it.

A normal year's concertizing will take him to 3 areas: a route between Lafayette, Louisiana, New Orleans, and Central Texas; the California coastline, especially the San Francisco area; and Italy, France, or Switzerland!

To Europeans, the sight of this proud, weathered, mystical black man with a crown and a gold tooth singing rhythm & blues in French is, well... remarkable.

As it is here.

"Put on your dancing shoes," Chenier warns at the start of a set. Indeed, so many rhythms run irresistible crossing patterns, Zydeco makes sitting still impossible. Once heard, Zydeco isn't easily forgotten.

In Chenier's group, the Red Hot Louisiana Band, there's the massive, unrelenting drumming of massive Robert St. Judy. Coupled to it are the hypnotic, indescribable rhythms of Clifton's brother Cleveland Chenier, playing a self-designed neck-held metal washboard, stroked by a handful of bottle-openers(!) And then there's the man himself, who for many years stood and bobbed to the music but today is sitting, presiding regally over the proceedings, singing as his fingers dance up and down his upright keyboard.

Other band members vary, but there's usually a saxophone, a guitar and a bass, and perhaps an organ. Although the Chenier brothers occasionally perform as a duo, it is important to see him with his whole band.

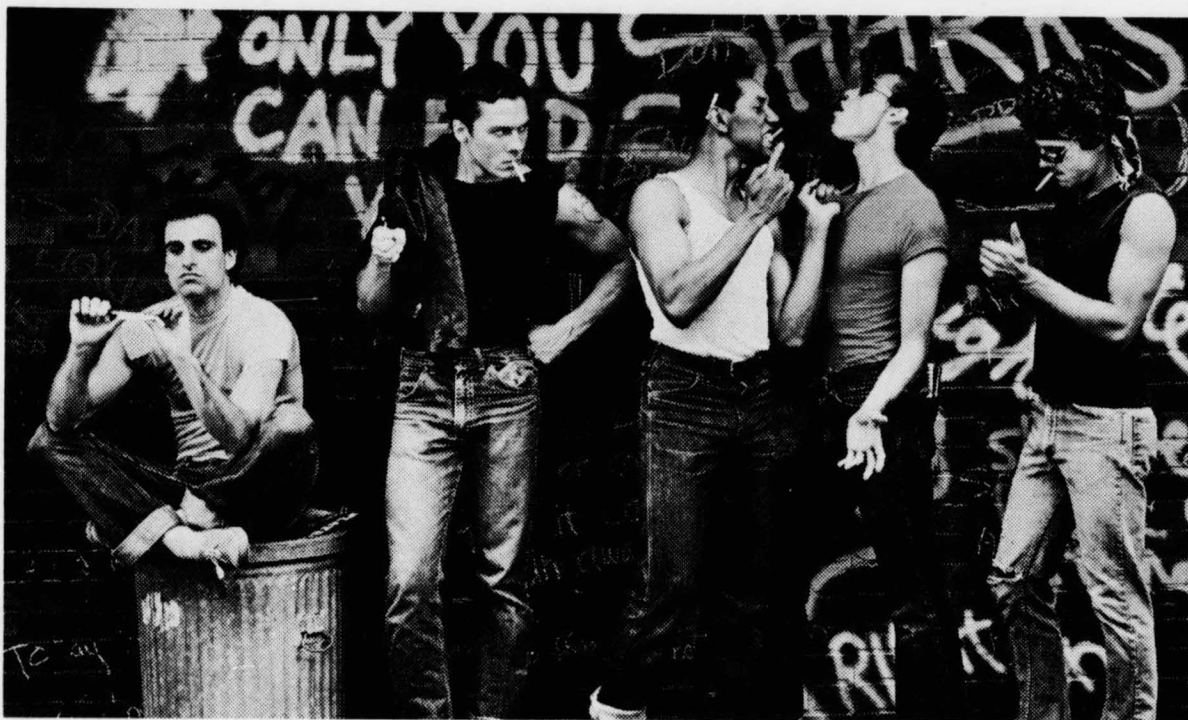
Chenier's road work has been cut down after he fell seriously ill last year from complications brought on by diabetes. "Don't worry about me," Chenier



assured me after a recent operation, "I'll be out playing soon. Ain't no little thing like this gonna keep me down." He now plays an electric accordion that doesn't need squeezing. The band now takes a break after 2 hours instead of playing 4 hours straight through. All this points, also, to a reduced touring schedule which may make seeing him difficult, except for those who live in the Louisiana bayous, California, or Europe!

But since most of us *can't* live there, there are ample Clifton Chenier records to choose from. He's recorded for a lot of labels, but we'd recommend these: *Clifton Chenier "Live"* — (Arhoolie 1059) — Recorded at a Zydeco dance in Richmond, California in 1971. Play it for your friends and see if they can figure out what it is — if they'll stop dancing to talk. *Black Snake Blues* — (Arhoolie 1038) — One of his best studio efforts, with powerful drumming by St. Judy. *Bayou Blues* — (Specialty SPS 2139) — Recorded back in 1957 when someone at the label must have figured "Little Richard's a star — this guy with the accordion is weird too."

But, face it — every Clifton Chenier record is worthwhile. If your local record shop isn't hip enough to have a Clifton Chenier section (they exist!) you can order them through the Phonolog directory.

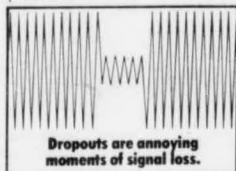


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hottest comedy cast.

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The Low Budget Hustle

Three independent film distributors market their wares carefully, innovatively . . . and successfully.

BY LORI HIGA

When the independently produced *Return of the Secaucus 7* was first released last year, it did the kind of business that any 16mm feature (blown up to 35) about a reunion of Sixties activists would do—disastrous. Rather than let it die a quiet death, however, independent distributor Specialty Films pulled *Secaucus* out of circulation, revamped its ad campaign and launched the film a second time. *Secaucus* went on to gross more than \$350,000 in Seattle alone and broke house records at two out of four theaters where it opened in the U.S. Shot on a minuscule budget of \$60,000 by director/writer John Sayles, who'd never looked through a camera before, *Secaucus* is well on its way to earning \$2 million.

Indie film distributors are the unsung heroes of the movie business. They've saved from oblivion many a film like *Secaucus* which lack big budgets, name actors and showbiz hoopla. It is the indie distributor who maintains virtually the only channels for these smaller, forgotten films that still possess the passion, intimacy and attention to matters of heart and mind that the big Hollywood films like *Star Wars* sadly lack.

And the indie distributors control the release of those films made outside studios, often saving them from certain box office death. The majority of indie distributors are small operations living by their wits; like guerrilla fighters, they are often forced to employ unconventional tactics simply to survive.

Working out of Seattle, Specialty Films has built a reputation making profitable propositions out of cult films like *King of Hearts* (starring Alan Bates), *Harold & Maude* (Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon) and *Allegro Non Troppo* (a spoof of *Fantasia*). The philosophy at Specialty, says manager Robert Bogue, is "to distribute films that would normally not get seen but deserve to be seen for a particular reason." For example, Bogue says "*King of Hearts* was an anti-war film really, but its sentiments weren't overt. We felt it was more effective that way." But, not all independent films are worth seeing. "Some distributors think they can sell an indie feature film just because it's an indie feature film. But often they're films no one wants to see except the people who made them. There's a lot of junk out there that doesn't deserve to be seen. Our films are marketable. And also have something to say. We are definitely capitalists—our job is to make money for our producers and a profit for ourselves."

Making money often requires an unheard of flexibility in dealmaking. "With a major studio, filmmakers



usually get about 30 percent of the profits after expenses are recouped—that may take a century," Bogue says. "We're usually after a 50-50 split after expenses are met. That's unusual. We don't always get that. We're also willing to take a lower split on a 'special' film."

In the case of *Secaucus*, Specialty agreed to distribute the film in 10 major cities over the course of a year and spend a minimum of \$100,000 on prints, advertising and promotion. "A major studio would never make a commitment like that," Bogue argues. *Secaucus* was considered a tough sell because it lacked name actors, graphic violence, sex and car chases and was concerned with aging Sixties radicals, not exactly a topic teenagers could relate to. "Studios just don't devote that kind of attention to any one film, not even in the special classics division at UA. If a film falls flat on its face after it opens, they'll pull it, cut their losses and move on to the next. They're handling 15-20 films at a time, as opposed to our one or two," Bogue estimated a distributor today needs a minimum of \$250,000 to cover costs of launching a film "wide"—in about 200 theaters. With such astronomical costs, studios often have no other choice but to drop a film after a poor showing. "We work very carefully and thoughtfully on every film we distribute. We don't abandon it just because it doesn't do well at first."

Specialty employs a carefully-orchestrated three-pronged approach to garner box office receipts. This consists of building word of mouth among youthful moviegoers, name familiarity and critical acclaim. "When you've got all those, you've got a massive success on your hands," adds Bogue. The method has worked even with documentaries, considered by Bogue and his contemporaries to be "the kiss of death in movie theatres." Yet Specialty was able to turn a profit on the 90-minute documentary *The Man Who Skied Down Everest*, about a Japanese fellow who did just that. "We made it seem like an event, an exciting prospect with a limit to its availability."

Specialty's next project is *Street Music*, a 90-minute feature about a street musician and a burnt-out social activist whose dying romance parallels the story of the run-down San Fran-

cisco Tenderloin hotel where they live. Screenwriter Jennie Bowen was inspired to write *Street Music* while working for Zoetrope Studios in San Francisco, located across the street from the International Hotel, a residence hotel for Asian immigrants. Scheduled for demolition by its Asian businessmen owners the Hotel became a cause celebre in the Bay Area.

Like Specialty, First Run Features handles indie films for distribution primarily to first-run theaters.

A New York firm, it's another to introduce new concepts to the art of distribution. Established and run by a cooperative of young filmmakers working under the aegis of Frank Spielman, an outspoken, silver-haired veteran of the film booking business, First Run strives to present what it terms "the finest in independently-produced American film." Its roster includes such highly touted films as *Northern Lights* (about turn-of-the-century South Dakota farmers fighting oppressive businessmen), *Best Boy* (a loving portrait of the filmmaker's mentally-handicapped uncle), *Alambrita* (a true story from the point-of-view of an illegal Mexican immigrant by *Rich Kids* director Robert Young), *Rosie the Riveter* (on women workers contributing to the war effort) and *The War at Home* (studying the effects of the Vietnam War on the community of Madison, Wisconsin).

First Run's films typify the wide spectrum of themes and styles that comprise independent films today—from documentaries of a political or historic nature to personality profiles and dramatic features. Though many of First Run's films have won prestigious film festival awards and even an Academy Award (*Best Boy*), engagements in first-run movie houses have eluded them, simply because they're outside the mainstream of Hollywood product. Indie films are usually relegated to the limited, "non-theatrical" market of colleges, museums and art houses. But First Run is one of the few distributors to aim for the commercial market of first-run theaters. It does this in an unconventional way. Traditionally, distributors pick up the tab for prints, advertising and promo, in exchange for a large fee and a cut of the profits. First Run, for a small fee (17-25 per cent), acts as a booker on behalf of

a film's producer who pays for prints and promo himself. With the enormous overhead studios must maintain to distribute films, First Run, like Specialty, has the luxury of not shelving a film if it performs badly. It can and often does try again to release a film until it goes into the black.

In less than two years since its formation, First Run has scored a few distribution successes. Spielman locked *The Wobblies*, a film about the IWW, into a Cambridge, Mass. theater for one week. The film performed so well at the box office that the theater owner ran it for four weeks. *The War at Home* has grossed more than \$100,000 around the country. First Run also broke into the tough New York market with an imaginative strategy—it arranged for 17 of its films to be run over a three-month period at a Greenwich Village theater, thus dividing costs of advertising, promo and theater guarantees 17 ways, with hopes that interest culled by one film would spill over to another in the series. The plan worked to some degree—the films broke attendance records and grossed a total of \$126,000.

First Run's success is due to a grassroots approach to promotion, utilizing local groups and press rather than TV and radio ads to reach viewers. "We have to do that because we can't afford to just throw a picture into a theater like the majors," said Spielman. "We're not looking for great amounts of money so much as we're looking for exposure. We're trying to raise the consciousness of people—let them know it's not a crazy thing to do—to go see these kinds of movies, and to show exhibitors that these films are commercial, and can make money."

San Francisco's Clark Communications is also experimenting with an innovative distribution method. Christened "Cinema Circuit," the plan is to distribute to colleges short topical films grouped into feature-length packages. "Women Being" is the premier package, consisting of four award-winning documentaries: *Workplace Hustle* (a didactic docu-drama on sexual harassment, narrated by Ed Asner), *Marathon Woman*, a coolly objective portrait of a 42-year-old Japanese runner; *One Year Among the Many*, an ephemeral but visually stunning memoir of a recently widowed elderly

woman, and *Little Boxes*, with folksinger Malvina Reynolds shot against Daly City's colorful rowhouses. The celebrated documentary *Quilts in Women's Lives*, once part of the package, was eliminated due to allegedly unreasonable demands by its maker.

In business since 1978, indie filmmaker Clark Communications came to national attention in May 1981, when a story on sexual harassment, appearing on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*, mentioned its 1979 production *Workplace Hustle*. The timing couldn't have been more perfect. Sexual harassment was a controversial issue spurring lawsuits affecting the pockets of American business. As a result, Clark was inundated with requests for *Workplace* from Fortune 500 companies. It has thus far sold a phenomenal 700 prints in five months. A film like *Workplace* ordinarily takes about 10 years to rent that number of prints. Inspired by the windfall, Clark decided to create a distribution network for indie filmmakers believing there might at last be some money in it for them too. Clark selected college campuses as its first target because colleges hadn't been approached with packages before, said Joseph Vogt, director of special projects, himself a recent college graduate in film.

Many colleges, Vogt pointed out, are losing money on the blockbuster and not-so-blockbuster Hollywood features they screen. "These films are usually paid for out of student activity fees," said Vogt. Schools like UCLA charge a nominal 75¢ or \$1 for admission but seldom are houses packed at these screenings because "everyone's already seen 'em at the theatres or on HBO or something like that."

With Cinema Circuit, Vogt emphasized, "we're giving schools a chance to make money and also offering our services in promotion, which no one else is really doing. Since we're helping to get the press out, the posters, everything to make it come off, I can almost guarantee that if we work with them, we can make money."

The company is arranging to get films screened in "nicer" campus theaters rather than "in gymnasiums or in a room where a movie screen's been set up. That way, they can invite the community, who will maybe pay a buck more than the students do, to get involved with the school and also see the films."

For the present, the fate of Cinema Circuit is uncertain as groundwork is still being laid, but Clark Communications continues to sell *Workplace* at the incredible rate of about 40 prints per month. "Woman Being" has been test marketed in the Bay Area to good results, said Vogt, who is hard at work contacting some 300 colleges nationwide. Upcoming packages from the Circuit will focus on subjects like "Natural Highs" (on ballooning, hang gliding, other kinds of "natural" flying), natural healing (specifically, Norman Cousins' laughter therapy) and modern animation. The latter entails a package of slick commercials and rock & roll promo films with computer-generated graphics whose exposure has been limited for economic reasons. As for the future, Clark is attempting to hoe another tough row. "We're trying to get into the theatrical market, too," said Vogt.

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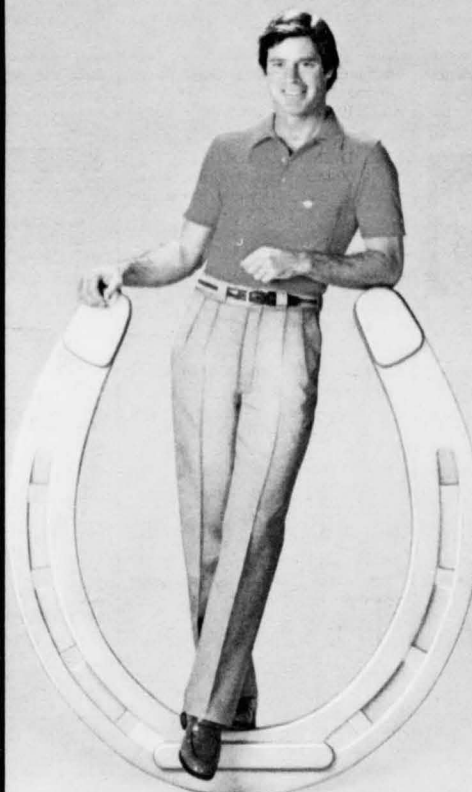
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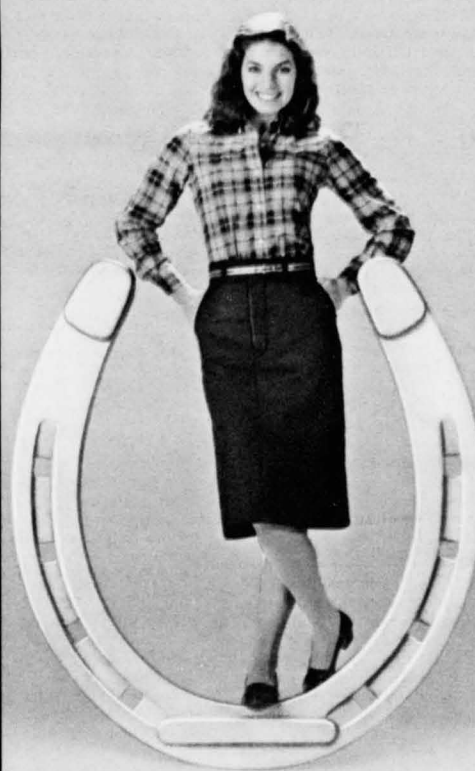
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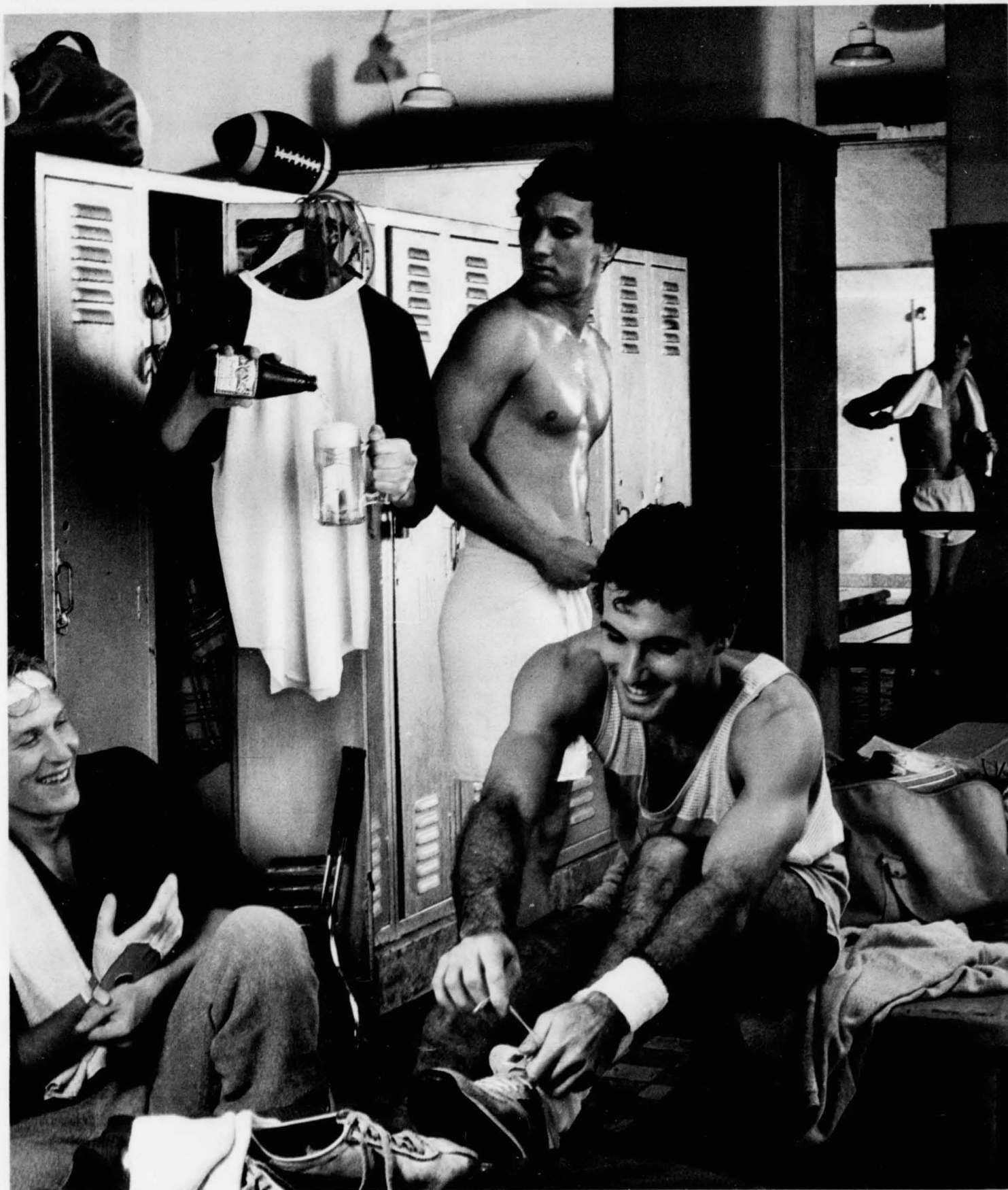
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